

THE HOUSEWIFE

March
1912



—OLGA F. HEESE—

THE A.D. PORTER CO., ❖ PUBLISHERS, ❖ NEW YORK

THE HOUSEWIFE SPECIAL LAST CHANCE OFFERS



The Ladies' World

is an ideal magazine for women and the home. Its many departments, treating on every subject which pertains to the care of the home and family, have been strong features in bringing about the immense popularity of the magazine. Many well-illustrated, fascinating, serial and short stories are running at all times in its columns and are among the brightest and most clever stories published today. We will send it for one year

With The Housewife for 75 Cents

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THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50	Our Price	
Ladies' World.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
	2.25		\$1.50
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		95c
(Fashion with Pattern)			
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		
Farm and Home.....	.50		\$1.00
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		
New Idea Woman's Magazine.....	.75		\$1.20
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.50		\$1.90



The People's Home Journal

is an attractive and popular illustrated literary and family monthly periodical. It is famous for its brilliant serial and short stories, written by the most celebrated authors of both America and Europe, and its practical, useful and entertaining departments of a miscellaneous nature are of interest to housewives and all members of the family. Handsomely illustrated, every issue consists of from 24 to 40 pages, including cover printed in colors. We will send it for one year

With The Housewife for 75 Cents

OUR BEST OFFER

THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50	Our Price	
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
Ladies' World.....	.50		
	2.25		\$1.50
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		95c
(With Free Pattern)			
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		\$1.00
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
The Designer.....	.75		\$1.20
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.50		\$1.90

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LITTLE FOLKS, a magazine for children from two to twelve. Full of sunshine all through. Each story printed in "Little Folks" is planned not only to please the mind through the eye and ear, but to train it to like good literature, to develop the child's powers of observation,



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Little Folks.....	1.00		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		\$1.40
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Little Folks.....	1.00		
The Designer.....	.75		\$1.45
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Little Folks.....	1.00		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		\$1.40
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Little Folks.....	1.00		
New Idea Magazine.....	.75		\$1.45
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Little Folks.....	1.00		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		\$1.60
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
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OUR BEST OFFER

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Ladies' World.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		
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Modern Priscilla (Needlework).....	.75		
McCall's Magazine (Fashion).....	.50		\$1.15
(With Free Pattern)			
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		\$1.15
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
Ladies' World.....	.50		\$1.20
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		\$1.20
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Modern Priscilla.....	.75		
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McCALL'S MAGAZINE



McCall's Magazine

besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and most helpful information for women. McCall's is an artistic, handsomely illustrated hundred page monthly periodical that no woman can afford to be without. Any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns (value 15 cents) free with each subscription. Select your free pattern from your first number of McCall's. McCall's Patterns have established a national reputation for the facility with which they may be used. We will send it for one year

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Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		80c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		
Farm and Home.....	.50		85c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		
New Idea Woman's Magazine.....	.75		95c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		
To-Day's Magazine.....	.50		95c
Needlecraft.....	.25		

EVERY WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



Every Woman's Magazine

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With The Housewife for 65 Cents

THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		80c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		
Ladies' World.....	.50		85c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		
People's Home Journal.....	.50		85c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		
Needlecraft.....	.25		95c
To-Day's Magazine.....	.50		

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The "American Woman" is one of the best family, story and household papers published. It is a paper whose monthly coming is eagerly awaited by every member of the family. All are interested in the bright, clean, fascinating stories, both serial and complete. Every home-loving woman is delighted with the pages of fancy work, fashions, household notes and hints. The "American Woman" is a paper that when once taken, always is taken. We will send it for one year

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THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
American Woman.....	.25		
McCall's Magazine.....	.50		75c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
American Woman.....	.25		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		75c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
American Woman.....	.25		
Farm and Home.....	.50		80c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
American Woman.....	.25		
Needlecraft.....	.25		80c
To-Day's Magazine.....	.50		

Money Saving Prices for Yearly Subscriptions to Other Magazines with a Yearly Subscription to The Housewife

	With The Housewife, Regular Price	Our Price		With The Housewife, Regular Price	Our Price
American Homestead.....	.75	.55	Modern Priscilla.....	1.25	.90
Needlecraft.....	.75	.65	Mothers Magazine.....	1.25	.95
American Woman.....	.75	.65	Pictorial Review.....	1.50	1.05
Every Woman's Magazine.....	1.00	.65	Boys' Magazine.....	1.50	1.05
Farm and Fireside.....	1.00	.65	Thrice-a-Week World.....	1.50	1.10
McCall's Magazine.....	1.00	.70	Delineator.....	2.00	1.55
Ladies' World.....	1.00	.75	Good Housekeeping.....	2.00	1.55
People's Home Journal.....	1.00	.75	Housekeeper.....	2.00	1.55
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New Idea Woman's Magazine.....	1.25	.85	Lippincott's.....	3.50	3.00



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THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50	Our Price	
Needlecraft.....	.25		
Every Woman's Magazine.....	.50		75c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Needlecraft.....	.25		
American Woman.....	.25		80c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
Needlecraft.....	.25		
Happy Hours.....	.25		80c
THE HOUSEWIFE.....	.50		
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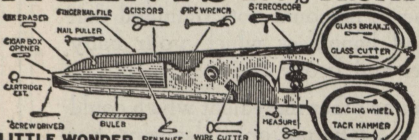
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All Three for Only 75 Cents



"POULTRY SECRETS"

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You do not have to be a dweller on farms to enjoy Farm Journal. If you have a little patch of real ground which you want to put to some better, more useful purpose than a grass plot, Farm Journal will give you the help you need, and if you feel the call to the country and would like to own a few hens and enjoy poultry raising, The Housewife, Farm Journal and Poultry Secrets are indispensable. The Housewife for one year, Farm Journal two years and Poultry Secrets for only 75 cents, is the greatest subscription bargain of the year. Farm Journal you will find is the wisest, most helpful, cheerful, and entertaining of counsellors and friends. Send order today. Remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter

The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York

THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

Published Monthly by The A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street, New York.
A. D. Porter, President. H. E. Porter, Vice-President. A. S. Michel, Treasurer. C. W. Corbett, Jr., Secretary.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single subscriptions, Fifty Cents a year in advance. In requesting a change of address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new, and six weeks' notice is required.
As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

IN EVIDENCE OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP

A Personal Letter from the Editor to All Who Find a Pink Blank in this Number.

DEAR Sister Women:—
Three years have passed since you and I became acquainted through the columns of THE HOUSEWIFE. I well remember how kind many of you were in welcoming me, a stranger to the ranks, and I recall with gratitude the pleasant letters and good wishes you have sent me from time to time. We cannot look in each other's faces nor clasp each other's hands, but we can mentally shorten the many miles that divide us by kindly thoughts of one another as real flesh-and-blood women, not merely impersonal readers and editor.

What first brought us together was THE HOUSEWIFE. What forms the strongest bond between us to-day is THE HOUSEWIFE. It was a fine magazine with thousands of friends when I first became connected with it, but I am confident you will agree—with no desire on my part to claim the credit, for I am only one small factor in its making—it is a far handsomer magazine to-day. It has more pages, handsomer covers, more good stories, more practical articles, more good household advice—much of which you yourselves contribute—better pictures and a greatly widened range of reliable advertisements. And back of it is the guarantee that it will be better every month.
If you have been patient enough to read thus far I fancy you smiling a bit cynically, while you think: "Same old story! First a declaration of friendship, then praise for the magazine itself, next will come a request 'for the prompt renewal' of my subscription!" And you are exactly right, dear woman! The time has come around once more when finances MUST be discussed. But I am absolutely sincere in every word I am writing—just as sincere in my belief in our—yours and my—friendship as I am in my belief in THE HOUSEWIFE's constant growth to higher, better things; as I am in my belief that womanly women everywhere have need for a simple, matter-of-fact, wholesome magazine such as THE HOUSEWIFE, even though to have it they must pay fifty cents a year for it.

THE HOUSEWIFE cannot be made and mailed to its readers without cost. Even if its publishers were willing to shoulder the entire expense the Government would put a speedy end to such mad philanthropy. And you women yourselves, as independent Americans, would not place serious valuation on what came to you gratuitously. Therefore you see, for the good of all, that fifty cents must pass from you to us, with the certainty that it will return to you multiplied many times in the good received from THE HOUSEWIFE.

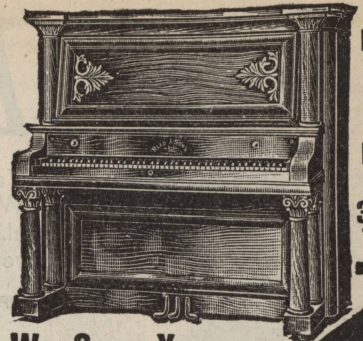
With this, the March number, terminates many thousand yearly subscription contracts with THE HOUSEWIFE. A Pink Subscription Blank is enclosed to all holders of expired contracts—not as a dun, not as a demand, merely as a reminder of the fact, and a presentation of a convenient form for opening a new contract. After considerable persuasion I have obtained the publishers' consent to try out the friendship that I firmly believe exists between THE HOUSEWIFE readers and myself. A number of these pink blanks have been clipped for identification, and I ask all who receive slips thus marked to return them as speedily as possible, duly filled out and accompanied by the fifty cents for a yearly subscription to our magazine. Each renewal received, each new subscription entered, is a brick laid in the building up of THE HOUSEWIFE. Its growth means as much to you as it does to us. And I want to impress upon you, make you realize as far as printed words can take the place of uttered speech, that each of these special pink slips that returns to me, the woman waiting hopefully for it at this end of the line, will tell me you, the other woman, have read these lines in the same spirit in which I have written them, and have hastened to send THE HOUSEWIFE the practical assurance of your friendship and affection.

The coming twelve months will be rich in good reading for all those who have joined THE HOUSEWIFE family. L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables," will contribute a heart interest story, "Josephine's Husband." Helen Peck, one of the rising younger authors, will supply "The Difference," a short novel of two wives of the one husband. "Twelve Jars of Jam," that homey romance by Florence M. Eastlake, which begins in this number, has a great surprise for future revealing. "The House of Enchantment" by Will Lisenbee, grows more and more in excitement and interest with every chapter, and in addition there are fifty good stories clamoring for appearance, which will be given them as quickly as space permits. So much for fiction. In more serious vein will be "The Housewife and the Cost of Living," by Martha Van Rensselaer of Cornell College, "The Hygienic Use of Water," by Dr. Anna Galbraith, of the College of Pennsylvania, "Indigestion, its Causes and Treatment," by Dr. Franklin W. White, of Harvard Medical School, "The Mouth and its Relation to Disease," by Dr. Samuel A. Hopkins, New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, "Teeth and Their Care," by Dr. Herbert Locke Wheeler, Vice-President Dental Hygienic Council of New York, "Treatment of Simple Ailments of Infants" and "The Care of Babies in Hot Weather," both by Dr. W. T. Marr. "Mrs. Sweetser," that good old-time friend of HOUSEWIFE readers, will return through the kindness of Augusta Larned. Jacob Sobel, M. D., Borough Chief of Division of Child Hygiene of the N. Y. Department of Health, will tell "How to Find Health for your Boy." But here's the end of the column and not a half, not a tenth of the good things told. Send in that renewal and make sure of all of them.

Do not let the list of coming features in THE HOUSEWIFE cause you to forget that I am anxiously awaiting the return of those clipped Pink Blanks. Confirm my belief in your loyal friendship by this practical evidence,

Yours very much in earnest,

Lilian Dynevor Rice



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Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods. **ANNA AYERS, Dept. A 416 22 Quincy Street, Chicago**

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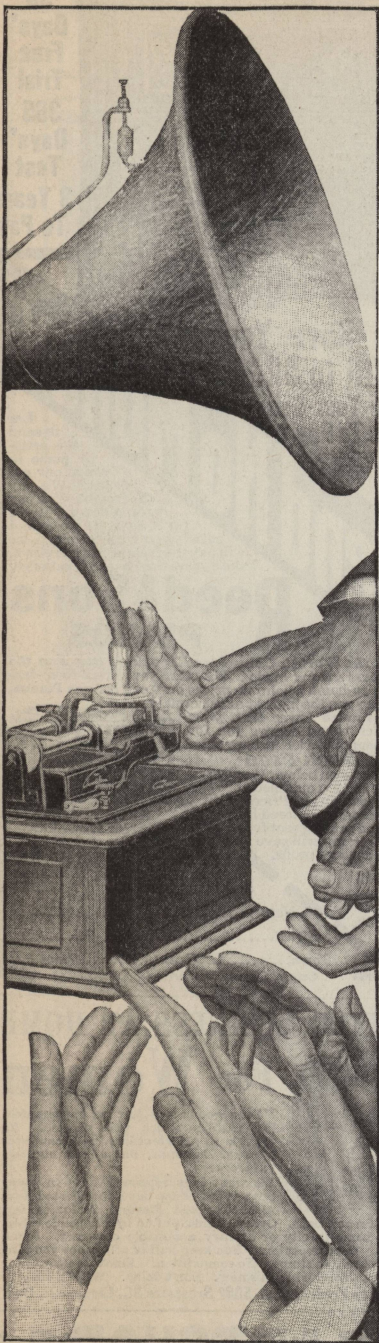
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"The Dauphin was bathed today."

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Poor little Dauphin! He was but a baby after all—a soft, pink-skinned bundle of sweetness and purity. But with all the splendor, pomp and ceremony of his royal nursery, he could not command that essential to a baby's comfort, health and happiness which your baby enjoys—the daily bath with pure water and Ivory Soap.

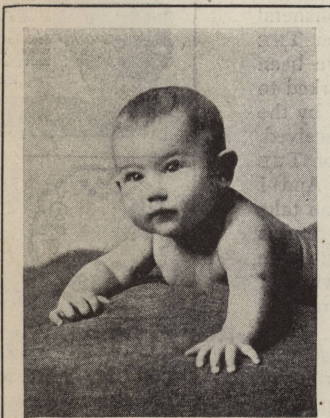
Ivory Soap contains no "free" alkali or other ingredient which could possibly harm the tender skin of a baby. It is not only cleansing, but soothing as well. It lathers easily and it floats. Ivory Soap is so pure that it leaves the baby's skin sweeter than any perfume.

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure

Mothers Attention!

BABIES WILL REIGN SUPREME IN THE JUNE HOUSEWIFE

LAST year, in the June number of THE HOUSEWIFE appeared photographs of one hundred and thirty-two babies, selected from thousands sent in. This year we propose to show many more. Every mother is herewith requested to send to THE HOUSEWIFE her baby's clearest, largest uncolored photograph, which will be returned in good condition.



Who am I?

EVERY baby whose picture appears in the June number will receive a set of handsome rolled-gold baby pins.

Babies whose pictures appeared in last June number are not eligible for this year's exhibition, but pictures of babies born in 1911-1912 are especially desired.

Photographs should be as light and distinct as the one here shown.

No photograph can be used that arrives at this office after April 1st.

There will be positively no exceptions to this rule.

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No. 10



TWELVE JARS OF JAM

By FLORENCE MARTIN EASTLAND

PART I

UNDER the rack of the Widow Downing's searching black eyes her daughter Grace shrank and grew pale.

"I asked you, Grace," she stated with precise articulation, "what possible objections you can have to Henry Todd. His farm joins mine; he is a hard worker and will make a good provider; he is steady and moral. What more could you want?"

Grace raised her eyes—soft, appealing, timid brown eyes. She swallowed several times before she attempted to answer her mother's iterated question.

"Nothing—that is, oh! he's so stupid and yet I'm afraid of him. He just sits and looks at me and grows a kind of purplish red when I say anything. When I see his sloping forehead and high-set, pointed ears, I sometimes think he's one of the lower animals taken to walking on two legs." She paused, startled by her admission.

"Humph! that's the usual objection from a girl of nineteen. Looks! why, Henry Todd isn't so homely. He hasn't a black mustache and bold eyes or a fund of silly chatter, but he has a good fat bank account, and when he does talk, he says something. I suppose your next objection will be that his nails aren't manicured."

The ghost of a smile curved the girl's red lips as she shook her pretty brown head. She looked, not at her mother, but through the open door and down the vista of sunlit, fir-bordered vale.

"I don't care for that kind of man, either. The one I admire must be young, not more than twenty-two, eleven years younger than Henry Todd. He must have laughing eyes so blue and bright they seem like jewels. His hair must have tints of gold in its short curls. He must be straight and clean and—irresistible." She stopped and cast an apprehensive glance at the older woman.

Mrs. Downing gave a final stir to a kettle of blackberry jam which filled the tidy kitchen with rich, spicy odors. Before she spoke, she

lifted the vessel to the moulding-board resting on the spotless table where a dozen pint jars awaited filling.

"That's just romantic nonsense. You must have got it from some novel, for there isn't a young fellow like that around here, and I guess you didn't meet many of them at your Aunt Emma's. You haven't said much about your visit to her, and I've been so busy since you returned that I kept forgetting to ask. You staid longer than I told you to."

As the mother stepped to the pantry for a long-handled dipper, Grace's face stiffened in fright. She clutched at the breast of her blue print gown which had a wide low collar of white. She glanced up fearfully at her mother's return, but the older woman's eyes and thoughts were on the jam.

"That is the nicest, thickest jam I ever made," the widow observed as she dipped some. "The blackberries are extra fine this year. It's actually so thick it just drops in big lumps. You fill the jars, Grace, while I—"

The girl bent over the kettle. "Why, what's that you have on your neck?"

"Nothing," Grace returned, hurriedly clasping her slim neck. "At least, only my gold chain. I—I was wearing it under my dress."

"That's queer," commented Mrs. Downing, coming nearer and regarding her daughter with suspicion. "Let me see."

A step sounded on the stone walk and the screen door vibrated under a firm knock. Mrs. Downing turned in response, and in that moment Grace, with fearful eyes on her mother, unhooked the chain and tore off a golden object which slipped through her nervous fingers and sank into the jam. For an instant she watched it disappearing, too dismayed to think of recovering it, yet relieved that her mother had not seen it. When it was covered by the hot conserve, she realized how absurd was her relief and how great were the difficulties of recovering it. With her eyes on the spot where it sank, she opened the drawer of the



table for a spoon. The one she found was too short to reach the bottom of the kettle, and although she examined several spoonfuls of the sticky mass, she failed to find the desired object. Tremblingly she stirred and prodded while Mrs. Downing talked with the visitor, a stranger in search of fresh provisions.

"Oh, yes," Grace heard the widow say. "You are the woman who is camping down by the river. How many eggs do you want?"

"Two dozen, if you have them to spare. My! how good that jam smells. Would you sell me some?"

"I guess so," came the calculating response. "Grace, you get the eggs." To the visitor she added, "Come in and have a seat."

Grace took the stranger's basket, and with a glance of despair toward the preserving kettle, flew to the spring-house built against the side of the hill. In a few minutes she was back, but her heart sank as she closed the screen door behind her. Four of the jars were filled with jam, and the widow, lamenting the high price of sugar and the difficulty of picking the wild berries, was putting the top on a fifth while she regarded it speculatively.

"I'll make it a dollar in all—sixty cents for the eggs and forty for the jam." As she moved toward the customer, Grace took her place at the table. "Never mind that, child," Mrs. Downing turned to say, "I'll finish putting it in the jars."

"Let me, mother," the girl begged, faint with anxiety that the fifth jar held the object she sought, and yet fearful that it might not. "I just love to put up jam."

"I can do it faster." The visitor was outside the screen, the iron-willed woman in possession of the long-handled dipper, while the girl was obliged to stand by with a beating heart and trembling limbs. What could she say if her mother found the lost object? And what should she do if it were not found? She was both glad and sorry that the confection was too thick to enter the receptacles except in lumps, that it was sufficiently opaque to exclude even a tiny gleam of gold through its murkiness. It seemed an hour before the eleven sealed jars stood before her in an orderly row and her mother had surrendered the preserving kettle to be washed at the sink. Her mind was in a state of determination and indecision. She must examine those glass pots—and the one already sold—but how?

The first thing, of course, was to get the one already sold. She was considering the means of doing this when Mrs. Downing, with obstinate determination, harked back to a subject unfinished.

"What did you say you have on that chain, Grace?"

The girl started, flushed and hesitated before, with a manner which might have belonged to the widow herself, she unclasped the chain and drew it from its lingering caress of the satiny neck.

"See for yourself. Why are you so suspicious? What could I have—Henry Todd's picture?"

"I shouldn't object to that, as you well know," her mother replied grimly. "But I'm glad to find it isn't the picture of the jewel-eyed one, if such a fellow exists outside your silly, inexperienced head. That is the kind always looking for an innocent girl, like you. And one girl won't do. He must have a 'sweetheart in every port.'"

An expression of terror widened the brown eyes. For an instant she considered a confession and an appeal to her mother; but one glance at that firm-set jaw dissuaded her. She turned away helpless and despairing.

"Another thing," persisted Mrs. Downing, who had such a mania for completing things that she could not permit even a conversation to remain unfinished, "you haven't told me all you did at your Aunt Emma's. It didn't strike me till to-day that you said mighty little about it."

"I told you I had a nice time. As I said before, I went out some with a girl next door."

"To the theater?"

"Well, yes."

"Did she buy the tickets?"

"The young man who was with her bought them. I think she is going to marry him."

"That was kind of them to take you along." Grace forgot herself long enough to smile, but her mother happened to miss it. "Was that all the place you went?"

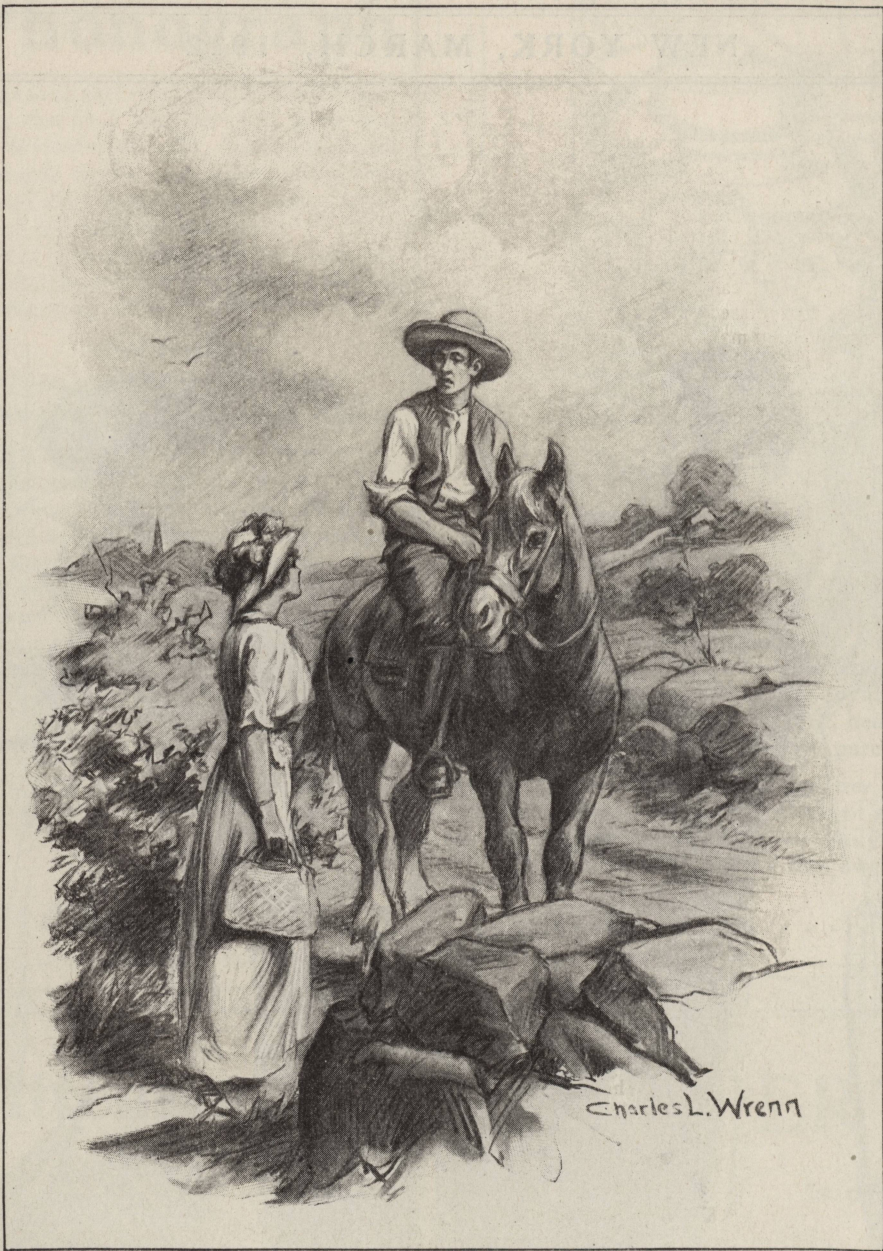
"They took me to visit the warship, 'Alaska,' which was in port. It was a lovely trip and I enjoyed seeing the vessel. I went to a concert, too, and out to dinner once. I had such a good time I didn't want to come home when you expected me. You didn't mind my staying, did you?" There was a curious air of excitement about the girl.

"No; I'm glad you did, for now——" the widow was

trimming off all the ragged edges of incomplete discussions—"you've got to make up your mind about Henry Todd."

"Oh, mother! don't ask me to marry him. I can't—oh! I can't."

"I'm not asking you to, so you needn't go into hysterics. All I say, Grace, is that you had better." To Grace the words held a menace. She searched the stern face for some sign of yielding, but saw none. Words were useless, she felt, so she crept away sick to the soul.



She encountered Henry, who was riding

Up in her little bedroom, charming through pretty girlish touches, she felt a measure of reassurance and hope. A large maple nodded before the window as in confirmation. She could hear the train going over the bridge to Cherryvale, the nearest village about a mile distant. The engine's shriek held a hopeful note, and she hurriedly changed her print gown for a snowy blouse and linen skirt before seeking her mother in the kitchen.

"I'm going to walk to Cherryvale after the mail, mother. Is there anything else you wish?"

"You might bring a pound of loaf sugar. Henry Todd will be here for supper to-morrow evening."

"Oh!" Hope fled again. "Leave the jam on the table until I get back and I will label it."

As soon as Grace reached the main road to Cherryvale, she glanced back to see if any one were in sight before she took the path which led to the ford below the bridge. Her pace quickened as she neared a camping site where several very white tents proclaimed themselves unseasoned. Grace hurried to the smaller tent, guided by the smell of frying ham. On a rough table covered with oil-cloth, a meal was spread; and in the center was the jar of jam already opened. The woman whom she had seen earlier looked up pleasantly.

"I came to buy back that jam," Grace began nervously. "I—I have a special reason for wishing to get it. I will pay you fifty cents for it. Oh, please," she pleaded as she noted evidence of a refusal, "it is most important that I have it."

"It is rather strange," the other commented. "There was nothing wrong with the jam, was there?"

The query held a suggestion which Grace was quick to use.

"I wouldn't like my mother to know, but I dropped something in the kettle. I think you don't want to keep it now, do you? Here is the half dollar, and please, please don't mention the matter."

She slipped the jar in the straw shopping-bag she carried and straightway began wondering how she could smuggle it to her room. She walked back to the main road and thence to the post-office. Her breath came faster as she neared the box which held several letters. Would one be for her? Would it contain the message she desired, the reassurance that one was faithful? Her

mother's dire words, "That is the kind always looking for an innocent girl, like you," returned with unwelcome persistence. It was not so, she passionately denied; yet when her eager fingers shuffled the letters and her eyes remained ungladdened, the words seemed burned into her mind.

Duplicity was foreign to Grace's simple nature, so it was not surprising that her secret weighed heavily upon her, and that the methods she was obliged to consider and the evasions to practice wore the dark aspect of crime. Affectionate and trustful, suspicion was far from her mind; but urged by necessity and fear, she quite readily fell to plotting. By the time she reached the lane which bounded her mother's orchard, she had settled on one course of action. Stopping beneath a tree which bore early harvest apples, she piled the fruit above the jam and entered the house where Mrs. Downing, busy with needle, looked up inquiringly.

"I'm taking the apples to my room. Sometimes I feel hungry before going to bed." She took a plate from the cupboard and, reaching her room, softly locked the door.

With great haste she seized a spoon from a glass on her washstand and transferred the contents of the jar to the plate. Her search was unrewarded, although she poked the sticky sweet with pathetic patience. So absorbed was she that she failed to hear her mother's footstep at the door. Not until the knob rattled and the widow demanded entrance did she start in dismay, call excitedly, "Just a minute, please," and glanced wildly about for a hiding-place for the jam. In an instant she had lifted the Swiss valance on her bed, shoved the plate well under, dropped the drapery and unlocked the door. Mrs. Downing stared at her curiously.

"You act mighty funny lately, Grace, locking your door and seeming so mysterious. What's the matter with you?" She looked around with suspicion. Suddenly she sniffed. "Don't I smell blackberry jam?"

Grace sniffed to, and with all the calmness she could muster, agreed it must be; that the smell of the freshly-made preserve seemed to be all over the house.

"Especially in this room," added the other. "If I didn't know that it couldn't be, I'd say you had opened a glass of that jam we just made." With a final and ineffective effort to locate the evasive odor, she made known her errand. "I have a note from Mrs. Phipps, who is getting along pretty well with her broken leg. She wants to borrow all the magazines we have."

I thought after you have eaten your dinner—I put it in the warming oven when you weren't here on time—we could drive over to Mrs. Phipps, and you stop and read to her while I go on to Burton to see if I can get somebody to help me with the haying. Corporal Brown says the clover must be cut this week."

Corporal Brown was the male element of the Downing household, a wanderer who had happened to appear when most needed and who had, to his own surprise as well as theirs, remained for a year.

Grace's assent being of less importance than the time it took, the widow was bustling down stairs to order the horse hitched to the phaeton. Grace recovered the jam, scraped it back into the glass and flew to the kitchen to wash the plate while her mother was out calling "Corpora-a-al!"

Grace substituted the examined jar for one of the eleven on the table and hid the unopened one in her room. She had finished pasting labels on the eleven, faintly numbering each, to avoid opening the same jar twice, when Mrs. Downing returned and bade her daughter hurry with her dinner. As soon as the older woman went to change her dress, the girl took the glasses to the fruit closet in the cellar.

Her mind was less disturbed; for it would be comparatively easy to keep up the substitution of an examined jar until each of the eleven had yielded its secret, if the inspection of the whole number were necessary. One less anxiety, however, gave her more time to consider the others. She was listless and preoccupied during the drive, exhibiting little interest until her mother, after hitching the horse, took a basket from under the seat.

"I brought Mrs. Phipps a jar of that jam. I'll just look in for a minute now and stop longer on my way back. How pale you are, Grace. Are you sick? I believe while I'm in Burton I'll get you a tonic."

The girl managed to disclaim any feelings of illness and set her thoughts on some plan of inspecting the contents of that detestable jar. As soon as her mother had departed, she assumed a sprightliness she was far from feeling.

"Now, Mrs. Phipps, mother said I was to read to you; but I know, good cook that you are, that you'd rather have me fix you something nice to eat. Of

course Mr. Phipps is almost like a woman to do things, but not quite, is he?"

"He fixes the things a man wants," admitted Mrs. Phipps.

"Just what I thought. Let me see. How would you like some delicate hot biscuits with the fresh blackberry jam? It won't take me any time to make them, and I'd like to more than you can guess."

There was a slight disturbance of the program when Grace would have borne off the jam which, in the security of the kitchen, she could have examined without fear of detection. She observed when she unwrapped it that it was numbered eleven.

"Leave that here, Grace. I'll open it and whet my appetite for the biscuits with that spicy smell. Wild blackberries, ain't they?"

"Wouldn't you rather have me put it in a glass dish? It will look so much better," the girl urged.

"Anything the Widow Downing cooks don't need looks to make it good. If I don't close up this jar when I'm through, John Phipps wouldn't leave a speck of it for to-morrow."

It was but a short time until Grace brought in biscuits and tea.

"Let me help you to the jam, Mrs. Phipps. Not so much? That is only a little. If you don't eat more than that, I'll think we didn't make a success of it."

"Mercy, child!"—as Grace, after a careful scrutiny of each teaspoonful, continued to heap it on the invalid's plate—"don't dip out any more. Good as it is, I've had all I can eat. Give me the top so I can close the glass and set it here where I can watch it. Looks like I'm awful stingy with John, but I've missed the berries this year on account of my broken leg, and this may help out some when John's bread is soggy and the tea has boiled an hour."

"I'll be glad to bring you some more," the girl readily promised. "I'll—I'll take this out to wipe off a little that has spilled on the outside."

She sighed in relief and again in anxiety as she returned the jam to the jar after satisfying herself that this was not the jar. The same mingled feeling prevailed at a late hour that evening when, reassured by a duet of snores from the bedrooms of her mother and the Corporal, she inspected the exchanged jar in her chamber, carefully airing the room afterward. A loose board in the stairs, which always creaked and wakened the widow, prevented a substitution of the jar for another of the nine.

She found an opportunity to do so the next morning when her mother rode to the hayfield with the Corporal and the new helper, leaving Grace to prepare dinner. There were so many things to do and the time of her mother's return so uncertain, that she dared not open number 3, but concealed it in her room as she had the others.

Under her mother's direction the afternoon was spent in the preparation of various dainties for tea, when Henry Todd would be the honored guest. The occasion was unusual and threatening. While she fried fat crullers and frosted squares of golden sponge cake, her mind reviewed the difficulties in her path. She could not, even if there were no other, accept Henry. What she dreaded was that her mother might accept for her if she could give no good reason for refusing—and she dared not tell yet. If she could see Henry alone, much as she feared him, she might appeal to him. He might become a trusted and loyal friend.

She tried to make herself unattractive by brushing her hair back plainly and winding it into a tight knot, and by donning her most old-fashioned gown; but her mother understood. She sent the girl back to her room with instructions to array herself becomingly, and Grace obeyed, as she always had. She was too miserable to cry, as she despairingly reflected that this mastery of her own desires was but a forerunner of a double victory over her when Henry Todd and her mother combined their insistence. What could she do against their opposition? If—but it might be as her mother said, and what proof had she when no word came?

Tragedy was so plainly written on the girl's face that even the widow could not overlook it. A motherly tenderness softened her eyes as she, with an unusual caress, whispered as the gate clicked just before six o'clock to admit the unwelcome lover.

"There, there, daughter! don't look so unhappy. Some day you will thank me for showing you what was best. My experience has taught me that a steady man one can respect will make a woman happier than a handsome, worthless one." This was the first criticism of her father, whom she could scarcely remember, that Grace had heard from her mother's lips. She realized all at once that her mother's motive was as kind as her purpose was inflexible.

"Why do I need a husband, mother? We are happy together." Henry Todd's rap on the front door sounded like a knell.

"Because," was the hurried answer, "I might be taken from you, and you are young, inexperienced and—pretty. It would nearly kill me to have you make a bad choice. There, child, run and open the door."

Henry Todd, uncommonly unattractive by reason of a swollen lip and the loss of an upper front tooth, beamed heavily. He sibilantly explained that a horse kicked him the day before. Nothing could have been farther from Grace's distressed mind than to giggle, but she found herself almost in hysterics as she listened to his speech. Much as she tried, she could not control herself. Henry's face grew purple.

"Do pardon me," the girl beseeched, "for I can't help it. I don't know what is the matter with me. Honestly, I wouldn't laugh for anything."

"Thas-s all right," he began, mollified, but brought his enlarged lips into a firm, if somewhat painful, position as Grace unexpectedly tittered. The widow, appearing suddenly, saw nothing humorous, but was effusive in her expression of sympathy. Grace's face sobered as they took their places at the tea-table, although now and then she felt sudden twitches of her diaphragm when Henry waxed particularly sibilant. The widow carried the burden of the small talk, inquiring about his hay and fruit, and discussing, rather one-sidedly, various farm problems.

"I've got lots-s of prunes-s and plums-s going to was-ste," he remarked. "It's-s too bad there isn't a woman at my house to put them up." He cast a sidelong glance at Grace.

"That reminds me," spoke the widow. "Excuse me for a moment." She hurriedly left the room, and the two, left alone, sat speechless.

She reappeared shortly with a jar which Grace knew was filled with the ill-fated jam.

"I want you to try this, for it's some we just made from the wild blackberries we picked back of your pasture."

"Let me put it in a dish, mother." Grace rose quickly.

"No," returned the other, "for what is left Henry can take home with him."

Grace's breath almost ceased as she watched her mother help the guest most liberally. The mother took a small portion herself, while Grace declined. With anxious eyes she followed each fraction of the sweet as it was spread on the white bread. What if she should see Henry uncover the object she sought and draw it out in astonishment? The meal dragged itself interminably. Would that hideous man never finish? But no! Urged by Mrs. Downing, he must add jam to his tapioca cream, thus augmenting the watcher's fear. Once when he paused with elongated jaw, Grace was sure he had discovered the object in his last spoonful. With horrified gaze she waited for the result. In an instant he resumed his mastication, leaving the girl to speculate on the possibility of his having swallowed what she sought.

When at last they rose, she bustled about to wrap up the jar Henry was to take with him, in the security of the pantry, she thought—but her mother followed after bidding Henry find a comfortable chair in the parlor. With masterful ease she took the jam from the unwilling hands of Grace, who noticed that ten was the number on the label.

"I'll wrap it up. You go on in with Henry, and remember that he is my choice, daughter."

Obedying, she left the parlor door open; but the widow, after handing the neat package to the visitor, ostentatiously closed it. Henry drew his chair nearer.

"Grace," he began, but the hissed word, turned tragedy into farce. The girl laughed again, [Continued on page 22.]

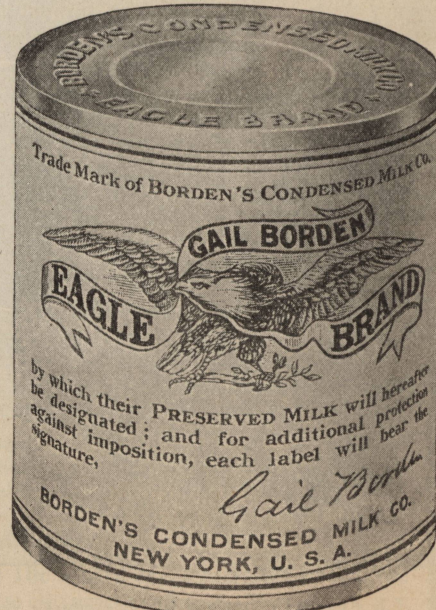


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"Don't dip out any more"

THE BURDEN OF GENIUS

By FOREST BLAKE

Illustrated by Betsy Hill



WHEN the door-bell first rang, the five busy little Kobrinskis paid no attention. The second time it rang, Isaac, aged nine, raised his head from the surrounding chaos and saw, through the archway, a woman standing in the vestibule.

"Come in, lady!" he shouted hospitably. "Walk right into the drawn-room!" The woman came in, then advanced rather slowly—caution being a necessity. Fortunately, the highly "decorated" walls, and the floors covered with all-over Wilton in huge purple and blue roses, were

not movable—else they, too, might have been in startling position. The caller evaded a cut-glass bowl, only to stumble over a washboard as she waded through to the parlor.

"Is Mrs. Kobrinski at home?"

"Nope—I mean, 'no sir,'" politely answered Isaac. "She gone to the city. I stay at home to keep house and take care with the children. Rachie, w'y don't you ack mannerly and ask the lady to set down?" Then, in a loud aside, "Can't you see she's a swell?"

Rachie hastened to empty a Morris chair, but the caller declined. "I'll leave my message with you, little man," she said to Isaac, "since you are the one my business is concerned with, anyhow. Aren't you Isaac—the well-known—"

"Yes, my proper name's Isaac," hurriedly answered the boy, "and this 'un's Rachel, and that 'un's Esther, and that 'un in the full evenin' dress is Raphael, and that 'un standin' on the music cab'net is Leon, and we're all—"

The caller sweetly interrupted. "You are the celebrated boy violinist, are you not! The Wunder-kind?"

"W'at you want wit me?" said Isaac suspiciously.

"We want you to play for us to-morrow afternoon at a meeting of the local Federation of Women's Clubs in the Library Building. It's a little impromptu program we're getting up preceding the reception given in honor of Mrs. Hamilton, President of the State Federation. We'd be very glad—"

Her words were drowned by the scolding of a servant girl, clearing her embarrassed way through Isaac's housekeeping.

"Shure, lady, 'tis sich childer as niver was seen!" she apologized. "'Tis clane up an' s'traighten up wid me the whole day, an' thim at their iverlastin' rompin' an' mussin'. Jist wan hour ago, these rooms was as nate as—Leon! Take that goose-grase out o' here! Ikey, phat's this washboard an' all these ould contrapshuns doin' out here?"

"We're playin' football," explained Ikey, in grieved innocence, "and this washboard is the stretcher we use to carry 'em from the field—and the goose-grease is w'at we rub 'em wit'."

As Leon and Rachel carried away these hospital appliances, the girl continued her indignant explanation:



"Ikey! I notice you lately de practice likes not."

"Their manners is that haythenish that, whin anybody comes, my face burns rid wid the shame av thim. An' this bye, Ikey, as kin make music loike the angels in Hiven, is the wurrust av thim all." Then, as a pair of small arms clutched about her waist and a wheedling voice said, "Now, Katie, Katie!" she added, "But, whin he comes around ye wid thim big, heart-meltin' black eyes o' his, 'tis not Katie O'Larry as kin kape from lovin' 'im."

"Do you think his mother will let him play?"

"Aw, I don't want to go to them old women's doin's!" scowled Isaac. "I want to go fishin'."

"Sure she'll let 'im play," answered Katie. "She's that proud av 'im, an' has 'im practicin' an' goin' to the Conserrevatory—Rachie! Kape yer dirty hands off the lady's driss!"

The lady was already gingerly moving toward the door. Leaving her name and a final message with the servant, she left the house and entered her handsome car.

Scarcely had the sound of her motor-car died away, when Mrs. Kobrinski arrived—short and stout, panting under a great load of bundles.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" screamed Rachel. "The 'un was a lady—" Isaac attempted to muffle the rest of her speech, but she spluttered impishly, "a lady w'at want Ikey to play to-morry!"

The joyful gleam that had come into the mother's black eyes faded as she saw the stormy face of her son. Leaving the rest of the children investigating bundles, she drew him to her side on a sofa.

"W'y you not to blay want?"

"'Cause!"

Her face was troubled. Isaac was the firstling of her little flock, the heir of all the promises of Heaven and earth. To see him standing before a great audience with his baby fingers drawing wonderful music from the strings, to hear people clap their hands as they called him back two, three, four times—that was an experience that had shaken her soul more than once. She took his hand, now very gently, as she sat beside him.

"Ikey! I notice you lately de practice likes not. Always must I drive you on de practice. W'at de matter iss?"

"I'm tired bein' called a 'Wonder kid' and 'Isaac the Great'—and—" He choked and stopped.

Her face was tragic as she asked, "You luf—you yet luf—de music?"

"Yes," he admitted guiltily. "W'en I get to playin' I forget—everyt'ing. But the 's two boys in me—and sometimes they fights."

"Ikey!" Oh, to let the torrent of her emotion flow through the old, smooth channels of her mother tongue! But, for her children's sake, she must be an American. "Ikey! You de kreat chenius of music haf in you, so say all de teachers, yes. Und some day goes we on de kreat zity, some day goes we on de Old Country wit' you. You learn und you practice, und some day praise you de whole world, yes." Her voice lowered and deepened. "Some day upon kings und queens you blay."

"Don't want to be one o' them things!"

"Oh, Ikey, Ikey!"

"I hear a girl say onct that a man w'at could play the piano didn't haf no sense for nothin' else. And I see a picksture of one of them violin fellers onct, and he haf hair all a mussin' around his ears and a little peaky face—and—I don't want to be one o' them old long-haired things 'at looks like a woman wit' pants on!"

"Oh, Ikey, Ikey!"

"One day at school Lubber Martin shows that picksture to me, and he says there is me w'en I grow up. And 'en he calls me Miss Nancy Fiddle—and I hand 'im one!"

"You—w'at?"

"I swat 'im between the peepers," explained Isaac.

Then he looked up into his mother's face—and saw tears.

"Mother," he said, with a sudden change of tone, "I practice now—just to please you."

He was a beautiful child. The short black curls clung to a perfect head, the face was finely but strongly chiselled, the skin white, the eyes black velvet. In a sudden passion of love and pride, the mother held him to her breast.

Dutifully he went to his violin for an hour's practice—and when the hour was up, when almost two hours had passed, he was still playing. In spite of the noise made by the other children as they clattered through the house and romped outside on the veranda, Isaac was far away in the land of lovely sounds. Outside, the mother listened, her face tender and glad. Then a shadow fell. What would Ikey do to-morrow? Which Ikey would he be?

The next day, the answer was an even guess.

Unfortunately, it was one of those rare Spring days which, coming suddenly after a season of cold, brings its universal appeal for the out-of-doors. A loving but firm maternal hand plucked Isaac off the back-yard fence and bore him indoors for his toilet; for, whatever might be Mrs. Kobrinski's other methods in the discipline of children, in this she never wavered: When Isaac was to appear in public he must be perfectly groomed. It was like a sacrificial rite, to err from which in the slightest detail would be a sin. But, yielding to the boy's protests and to the heat of the day, she substituted for the conventional black velvet a cool white linen, made in sailor style with V-shaped neck and long, wide trousers—and nothing could have been more becoming or picturesque. The mother sent him away early for rehearsal, then went to her own toilet.

Carrying his violin case, the beautiful Isaac walked the troubled way of genius to the Library Building. There were no alleys to sneak through; he must walk



A veritable imp of temptation, dirty and happy and free

openly along the main streets, where everybody he met gave him a second look, and every woman a smile that said, "What a little dear he is!" The air was warm and full of sweet smells. Other boys were rolling on the green grass, or going away on trips to the country fields. And here he was!

At last he came to the handsome structure that was the pride of the little city. But, as he climbed the broad steps to the auditorium on the second floor, his mind was full of bitter thoughts toward Andrew Carnegie as being in some way the cause of all this trouble.

After he had tuned his violin and rehearsed with Miss Dorman, who was to play the accompaniments, Isaac went down to the grounds. Here, although there was green grass with crocus and tulip blooms, there was also a warning sign, and, in disgust, Isaac walked down to the street.

"Hey, there, Ike!"

Daniel Knoblock dodged right in front of two or three vehicles to reach Ikey's side of the street. He was a happy lad, unencumbered by genius. To-day he was barefooted, and wore a costume that might have served as an advertisement for a junk-dealer.

"W'at you doin' all dressed up in that swell suit?"

"Haf to play for an old women's pederation of clubs!"

The broad, insinuating grin with which Dannie regarded him drove the angry color to his face and made it very difficult to add with proper dignity:

"They got 'o do something extry, 'cause their head cheese is a wisitin' 'em."

Why did Dannie, just then, sling that pebble across the street? Why did he climb that tree and there dangle by his legs over the head of the miserable Isaac, like a veritable imp of temptation, dirty and happy and free? In Isaac's rebellious soul there was a weakening of the powers of resistance, a feeling of desperation. Could he do it? Dast he do it? He must do it!

Meanwhile, in front of the Library entrance, carriages and automobiles were stopping and the "very best" women of the town were climbing the steps to the auditorium. When Mrs. Kobrinski arrived, the spacious room was brightened by the dainty tints of new Spring costumes—and she added a somewhat stronger touch of color. To show her appreciation of the kind ladies' invitation, she had dressed in her finest gown, a red satin elaborately trimmed.

During a little pause between numbers, she could partly hear the conversation of two young matrons in

front of her: "His playing is marvelous." "Professor Geldstein is wild over him." "Such perfect technique, such power of interpretation!" Then sounded the clear, well-bred tones of the chairman:

"I'm sure we are all delighted to have with us this afternoon the child violinist of whom our little city is so proud, whom a leading musical critic has pronounced a future Kubelik. Master Isaac Kobrinski will now favor us with a selection from 'Il Trovatore.'" The audience applauded as a small figure in white walked across the stage, carrying a violin. They could see, however, that he was ill at ease and that his hands were trembling. He adjusted the instrument and raised the bow.

"Skreek! Skreek!"

Miss Dorman turned her head sharply. Mrs. Kobrinski was clutching the arms of her chair. Oh, w'at de matter wass?

Something was wrong—everything was wrong. The embarrassed young woman was stumbling through the accompaniment, while the boy, red and frightened, was scraping out a hideous jumble of discords. Besides—Mrs. Kobrinski rubbed her eyes and wondered if she was losing her mind. Suddenly the boy stopped, in violent fright, dropped his violin, and burst out crying.

"Can't p-p-play—nothin'!" he sobbed. "Wisht I—I—hadn't c-c-come here!"

Wildly, Mrs. Kobrinski rose and waddled down the aisle up the steps to the stage. But, before she reached it, the

weeping youngster had disappeared behind the scenes. Then, suddenly, as if propelled by savage force, there tumbled out on the stage a bundle of rags and bare feet. It straightened up, grinning sheepishly at the frantic woman who spoke to the object in her native tongue. Red-faced, the boy fumbled with his old suspender. She repeated her words. Then, over that hushed audience, there sounded, stammering but distinct, a boy's confession:

"Dan Knoblock and me look alike, so I hire him to take my place and try to make these old womens think I was all broke down and couldn't no more play. We couldn't find no dressin'-room, and them men's a warnishin' in the basement, so we go into one of them big rooms where people all the time set and read, and we get behind the door and change clothes."

With great precision, he traced a figure in the carpet with his toe. Out from the wings came the sniffling of the proxy.

"Come to here, Isaac!"

Mrs. Kobrinski grasped her son and led him behind the scenes. A moment later, the ears of that select audience were greeted by a rhythmic, time-honored sound.

With coy genius thus wooed forth, Isaac returned once more, white clad, humbly took up his violin, and played so marvelously that the "old womens" called him back again and again, while Mrs. Kobrinski, in the wings, forgot her wrath and gloried that she was the mother of a Wunder-kind.

The One Who Understood

By Elizabeth M. Reise

MRS. GEROME hurriedly removed hat and coat. She lifted her face for her mother's greeting—its expression was anxious, although her lips were smiling as she asked: "Is it too early, can we talk now?" Old Mrs. Hempell kissed her, then held out four envelopes.

"Take these," she said, "and the chair by the window. Read the letters aloud. I want to hear them again."

Mrs. Gerome opened the first letter, and read:

WHITE MARSH SCHOOL.

My Dear Mother:

Only time for a line to tell you the box came all right, and we just had to open it before Thanksgiving, we were so hungry. Had come in that instant from foot-ball, so we went on the back porch and opened it—twelve fellows, we pitched in and cleaned the box. I am chewing now on a piece of oiled paper that was around the taffy. Tell Molly the cakes were fine. Tom Perkins gave me some of the dried peaches that came in his box. Eaten raw they are simply great. Why do we always have them cooked at home? Would you mind finding out how much Grandma is going to pay for the Bible she says she is going to give me for a birthday gift? Do you think Father is going to give me more than a dollar? Would you mind finding out? There is a man up here who has a white bulldog he will sell cheap. He is a beaut and only nine months old. I wish you could see his mouth. If I do get him, where could I keep him? Would you take care of him for me, Mother dear?

Your loving son, CLIFFORD.

WHITE MARSH SCHOOL.

My Dear Mother:

Am getting on fine with my studies. The man says if I feed the dog on gunpowder spread on raw meat, he will fight anything and if he once gets his teeth shut, he will never let go. If you keep him for me you would feed him on milk and that would keep him gentle. One of our teachers is sick, so we can't have Composition. It is great. I go to see him every day—the dog, I mean. It seems just awful wasteful in Grandma to pay \$5 for a book. My Testament is as good as new, and \$5 would buy the dog. Your loving son,

CLIFFORD.

WHITE MARSH SCHOOL.

Dear Mother:

You ask about my studies. I am getting along all right. Am so awful sorry and disappointed that you can't keep the dog. A small back yard would not make any difference to him, for you could keep him in the house. Yesterday the man let me have him for an hour. He followed me around carrying my three pound dumb-bell in his mouth. My, he has a jaw! I wonder if Grandma would be afraid of him. Would you mind finding out? He is awful kind and gentle to people. Why, one of the fellows stepped on his foot the other day, and he only licked him. I hope Father will give me money for my birthday. Your loving son,

CLIFFORD.

WHITE MARSH SCHOOL.

My Dear Mother:

Grandma beats the record. She is the best one a boy ever had. She's been up here and seen the dog. She's bought him, and she is going to have the man bring him to Germantown, and she's going to keep him for me. He loves her already, and stood just as still while she put a collar on him. We—Grandma and me—have named him Chum. I hugged Grandma so much I mashed the frill round her neck. Enclosed find one dollar, will you buy her another or something pretty? I am going to study awful hard now the dog question is settled. Grandma left a new Bible on my table. I didn't

see it until after she had left. I'm going to read a verse in it every day because she wanted me to so much, and because she was so kind about the dog. Studies getting on fine. Your loving son, CLIFFORD.

The younger woman read to the last word with steady voice, then suddenly dropped the letters, and covered her eyes. The older woman removed her glasses, and breathed upon them—a quick mist of tears blurred them. Between the two women lay a white bull-dog, his head flat upon the carpet, but he was not asleep. His blood-shot eyes were fixed upon old Mrs. Hempell's face, and when he saw her take off her spectacles, rub them and then her eyes, walked to her side, thrusting his head into her lap and making some kind of a throaty sound that was perfectly understood, for she at once put her hand affectionately on his head. This satisfied him. He turned slowly, and once more stretched himself upon the floor.

"Oh, Mother, to think of your having kept these letters! I wish, indeed, that he was a boy and safe at school." Mrs. Gerome sighed. "The letter yesterday was almost as boyish," she continued; "yet he is doing a man's work in the world. What did you do, mother?"

"I sent my reply by the early mail."

"Oh, Mother, I wish I had seen it."

"Of course Margaret I have kept a copy, for I wished you to see it." Mrs. Hempill opened the clasp of her velvet pocket and drew out a folded sheet.

"Chum, come here sir." The dog leaped at her call, fawned upon her and looked intelligently into her beautiful aged face as she put the letter into his mouth.

"Take that to Clifford's mother."

Chum turned with dignity and presented his mouth to Mrs. Gerome; but he held tight to the letter.

"Mother, do make him open his jaws! Have you mixed gunpowder with his meat?" she said half crying.

"Drop it, Chum. Give it to her," ordered Mrs. Hempell. The dog opened his jaws, and while Mrs. Gerome unfolded the sheet, walked back to his place on the carpet, sighed deeply, then stretched himself upon the floor, closing one eye. With the other he gazed fixedly at his mistress.

Mrs. Gerome read:

GERMANTOWN UPLANDS.

My Beloved Grandson:

If the young woman you have so unexpectedly introduced to your family as your future wife, in the letter received yesterday—should prove as happy a friendship to me in my last days as has Chum—recommended by you twelve years ago, I welcome her with open arms. I have trusted in your good judgment and loving heart, my dear boy. With the enclosed check, buy a gift for the new fiancée from Chum and Grandmother with united congratulations. Always faithfully yours,

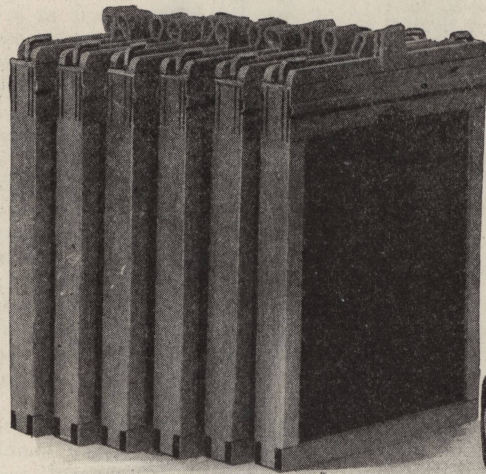
GRANDMA.

Mrs. Gerome after a moment of silence looked tenderly at her mother and said: "Thank you, I see my duty now. A man must choose his own wife. I will go and write my reply." She rose, kissed the old lady, and went out of the room.

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POOR TOM

By Rhodes Campbell

Illustrated by Morgan Eckley



VIRGINIA stood on the station platform trying to get her bearings. Almost at once she was confronted by a man who introduced himself as Mr. Thomas Ireland. As she walked with him to his home a few squares away, Virginia's subconscious mind kept up a running accompaniment to the words her lips were uttering: "This, then, is 'poor Tom!' Who ever dreamed that he looked like that? We girls always pictured him as older, meeker, a little subdued fellow, good, but with no character. But this man is somebody. I never saw a finer head and eyes. I fancy that Thomas Ireland has had to have his nose pretty close to the grindstone taking care of his three sisters all these years."

No sooner had they reached the gate of a comfortable, unpretentious house than three young women surrounded them.

"Virginia, we can't believe it is you!"

"You dear thing!"

"It is an age since I've seen you!"

"Come right up to your room!"

Tom disappeared down the street as if by magic, and Virginia was borne into the house and upstairs.

"This is a dream!" murmured the guest as she entered the airy old-fashioned chamber with its high poster bed, its muslin curtains, its stained floor and homemade rugs, its old-time flowers in quaint pitchers and vases.

"We thought you'd find it so plain after all your magnificence!" Edwina exclaimed in a pleased voice.

Virginia laughed her irresistible, contagious, bubbling laugh. "I wish you could see some of the horrors I've lived through! Palace hotels one night, miserable third-class ones the next; and having to watch myself all the time! I've had to look out for draughts like an old woman of ninety, and nurse myself as if I were an invalid. Singing is a joy, but its adjuncts are full of pain and discomfort. And the people I've seen in the past two years! People are like candy—nice if you don't have too much of them. I've had an overdose, and of too mixed a variety."

"But we're people," objected Louise, the eldest.

"No, you're the dearest of old schoolmates, and I pined to see you; so I just wrote one day if I might stop over with you on my way to the mountains." Virginia whirled the girls about, joked, laughed, and was the same Virginia they had known at Madame Kirby's. It was a great relief, Louise thought. They had longed to see her, but Virginia Hammond, the popular concert singer, might have changed from the sweet, unassuming Virginia they remembered. And the house was pretty shabby, and there was no maid, and Shelbyville was so poky and behind the times.

But Virginia enjoyed it all to the full. Every day was a time of joy. She wanted quiet; she wanted to be with friends who loved her. She sang for them, but she loved best to be one of them. She helped Louise in the kitchen, poked about the garden with her old roommate Diana, and went errands with the

youngest, Edwina. But she was forced to declare that with Tom she made no progress whatever. She hardly saw him.

"Poor Tom! he is perfectly absorbed in his law! He never goes anywhere. He cares for nothing else!" This from Louise.

"Tom is no ladies' man! I wish he were! Poor fellow! he is old before his time!" Diana excused him.

"Poor dear Tom! we hardly see him any more. It is hard to make ends meet here in this old town! And I have another year at school!" Edwina's pretty face looked troubled.

The next day was Sunday. Virginia looked across the dinner table at Tom and began her attack.

"I'm going to ask you if you won't drive me to Hornet Mountain this afternoon, Mr. Ireland. I do so want to see it, and it's too far to walk."

"Certainly," murmured the victim, and Virginia with a feeling of amusement knew that he considered it an awful bore. It was a new experience for Miss Hammond, but she always liked novelty. Once on the road, Virginia talked. To Tom's surprise it wasn't at all what his sisters talked about and which confused him; it was of his profession.

"Uncle Dick, who partly brought me up, is a lawyer," she said, "and it always fascinated me."

And Tom found himself telling her things he never dreamed of mentioning.

"You seem so busy; is it a difficult case?" Virginia asked with her pretty air of interest.

"The trouble is," Tom confessed, "I can't prove an alibi. The young fellow—David Jordan—says that he didn't commit the robbery, that he wasn't in old Silas Webb's house at all when it happened; yet he won't tell me where he was. He is the best boy—I've known him for years—yet Webb declares he robbed him of eight hundred dollars, before he could bank the money. David worked for him. It puzzles me dreadfully."

"It must be a fine thing to defend him; I should like to hear you," Virginia declared.

"You wouldn't hear much." A deep sigh; then, "I think every time I'm going to forget myself, yet when the moment comes I'm as commonplace as ever. Sometimes I fear I made a mistake in taking to law."

"I'm not afraid," Virginia spoke with her usual decision. "Not with your head. I've made quite a study of phrenology, and your bumps are wonderful!"

Tom flushed a little under his tan and smiled. "I wish I could think so; the truth is, I've worried so much over the girls, and lain awake nights planning for them till I believe I'm kind of addled. I can't seem to wake up."

Then Virginia adroitly changed the subject. She talked as she never had before, and she was startled when several times Tom threw back his head and laughed with abandon. She had thought he didn't know how!

When they were at home again, Tom looked at her with surprise. He said in his unaccustomed voice: "This has been such a rest to me, Miss Hammond. You see, I'm a regular old fossil—just a grubber; and I've wandered far afield these few hours. I'm very grateful."

But Virginia's mind was full of other things. She lay awake long that night. Next day she asked Louise abruptly if their washerwoman wasn't named Jordan.

"Yes, she's a queer old thing, too," Louise replied; "she won't go into anyone's house, and she will never read a newspaper."

"Is David Jordan her son?"

"No, her nephew."

"Does she live far? I want to see her about some laundry."

"We can send it with ours; she lives out in the country about two miles."

"Well, I want the walk; and my work is small but particular. I believe I shall go myself."

Virginia had a long hot walk. She felt quite like a female Sherlock Holmes as she confronted the queer little figure in her spotless kitchen.

She explained her errand. Then abruptly she said: "Why didn't you tell that David brought you money the night of the eighteenth, Mrs. Jordan?"

It was a chance venture, but to the girl's surprise the little woman began to cry.

"It has worried me," she said; "but David made me promise never to tell; but he must have told himself. He seemed so happy when he brought it in. 'A man gave it to me for only a slight service. I can't understand it, but it will be a big help to both of us,' he said. Then, later, he told me not to spend the bills, and never to mention them. David is a good, honest boy; but that money worries me, and I haven't seen him lately. I'm glad you know about it, for I feel better to tell someone."

Virginia reassured her, talked to her and then sped back to town and straight to the law office of Thomas Ireland. That gentleman's surprise at sight of her was only equaled by his pleasure over her information.

"You see, you can't prove an alibi," said the girl, "but you can tell David you know this much and he must tell you more. He is a simple-hearted fellow, I should think; but there is something back of it all."

"I must find out how he came by those bills, and I think I can manage David," Tom declared, thoughtfully.

"I'm sure you can," Virginia said as she rose to go.

"But I would have been just where I was without your help, Miss Hammond. Your interest, too, means so much to me."

A week later Virginia slipped away from the girls to attend the trial at the courthouse. She knew it was useless to ask Tom's sisters to go. They seemed to look upon Tom and his work as something utterly apart and alien. They were both ignorant of and indifferent to their brother's affairs. They bored them unspeakably. Virginia could not reconcile their attitude to all she knew of their affection and real worth.

"He has unconsciously spoiled them," she decided: "they are used to thinking of him as 'poor Tom,' and he has encouraged the idea."

She slipped into one of the rear seats and waited. The room was full. She did not know whether Tom saw her or not; but she did know that he amazed her. He had certainly forgotten himself. He carried everyone with him. He showed conclusively that someone had committed the robbery. He had Mrs. Jordan on the stand. He told how the boy, after leaving Mr. Webb, had done some forgotten chores about the place. As he went down the road in the darkness he was accosted by a stranger who wanted him to show him the way to the railroad. He asked him many questions, and bought his hat of him, explaining that the wind had carried off his. Then as the moonlight shone on his face David saw to his amazement that the man was his aunt's son, a worthless fellow, who had treated her badly and broken her heart. Before he could say anything, the man was gone. David found that the money he supposed two or three dollars were three tens. He took them to his aunt saying nothing of the identity of the man who had given them to him. Later, when accused, he had told her never to tell anyone of the money. The bills were marked and would convict him; for the boy would not inform against his cousin, solely on his aunt's account. Part of the information had come from an unexpected source—a slight pause—and when the boy had been confronted with it, he was distressed, declaring that after all her troubles it would prostrate his aunt and he was all she had in the world to protect her. He said he knew that his cousin had given him the marked bills to convict him, and had planned the whole thing most carefully, knocking the old man senseless from behind. Silas, who had neither seen nor heard him, was sure that it was David, as he alone knew of his having the money, he alone was familiar with the house and was still, he thought, about the place.

Then Tom, after summing up the evidence, made a striking appeal. Virginia was surprised anew. He was neither ornate or brilliant; but there was a strong personality, a convincing logic, a quiet confidence, a wonderful command of English, which compelled an almost breathless attention. The boy white and trembling, the aunt rigid yet tearless, Tom erect, eager, yet restrained, all made an indelible picture in Virginia's mind. The jury were gone but a short time and returned with a verdict of "Not guilty." In the confusion following, Virginia left the room.

That evening Tom came home late. Edwina and Louise were out and Diana in bed with a headache. Virginia met him, her eyes shining.

"I want to congratulate you," she said. "I was at the trial."

"I saw you. I believe I'm waking up, Miss Hammond. But the credit is yours—it takes a woman to do some things! How can I thank you! Won't you add to my obligations and sing for me? Just think! I've never heard you."

He looked tired, but his eyes shone.

Virginia sang for an hour and was further amazed at the man's enjoyment of it.

"I didn't know you were fond of music!" she exclaimed at last.

"I didn't know it myself," said Tom.

Virginia went upstairs wondering.

Miss Hammond's visit was over and she was on her way, not to the mountains as she had intended, but to

the city where she had passed much of her girlhood. Once there, she was driven to her uncle's office. Mr. Richard Courtney viewed with astonishment the bewildering vision which came swiftly upon him.

"Virginia!" he exclaimed.
"Aren't you glad to see me?" She sat on the arm of his chair—he was in his private office alone—and rumbled his hair as of old.

"Something is in the wind." He smiled at her quizzically.
"You wrote me that your partner had dropped out; is traveling for his health. Have you a new one?"

"You must think that law partners are picked up in the street."

"Because if you haven't, I have one for you," announced Virginia.

"Yourself?"
Virginia shook her head. "Listen, Uncle Dick," she began; and told him of Tom Ireland.

"And all this, I suppose, is merely a prelude to the announcement of your betrothal?" he asked when she had finished. Then Mr. Richard Courtney saw an angry Virginia.

"You are like all men; you think a woman can't be interested in one of your sex unless there is sentiment behind it. Mr. Ireland is the brother of my dearest friends; he is gifted and doesn't know it. He has been a perfect sacrifice to duty and I don't approve of such self immolation. He will go to seed in that little town; here with you he will be a power. Try him, and see. We are the merest friends. Why, he didn't even come to the station to bid me good-bye. It is a case of real friendship on my part, hardly that on his. Do try him, not as a favor, but because of the benefit to you." Virginia smiled in her uncle's face audaciously, her anger gone.

"What if I don't like him?"

"Take him on trial for a year," the girl recommended.

"And what will you give me?"
"Three songs." Virginia consulted her watch. "I have two hours before taking my train. Come to your rooms, and I shall do my prettiest."

"A fool is a man named Courtney," grumbled her uncle as he obeyed her. "It is a good thing there is only one Virginia."

Four weeks later Miss Hammond, far up in her mountain resort, received her morning's mail. She tore open her uncle's letter first.

"Virginia's prodigy is installed in the office. Works like a steam engine. No sign of not being awake. Really astonishes me—perhaps because I expected a woman's man! He does you proud, Jinny. He is not to move his family until everything is settled. Might do it now so far as I'm concerned. Want some money? Don't be so all fired independent. You're all I have."

"Yours,
"UNCLE DICK."

Virginia smiled, then grew sober.
"That episode is closed," she thought. "Well, no one will ever dare call him 'poor' in the big world he has entered; that is one comfort. But I shall never see him again, except at a distance. Farewell, Mr. Thomas Ireland! Thou art rescued from oblivion even if thou abhorrest the female element!"

Two years later Virginia was to sing at Syracuse. It had been a very successful two years for her. Yet to-day this feeling was for a time superceded by one of loneliness.

She shrank from going on in her present way; the years rolled on before her mental vision in endless monotony. She thought of the other fate open to her with a coveted home, possible children, a real woman's destiny; yet she must turn her back on it—only she knew why!

She had not seen the Irelands since her visit. Louise had married a well-to-do farmer, and Diana, after teaching a year, had followed her example, only in her case, the man was an Episcopal rector, and she had gone to California to live. Virginia had been in England at the time of both marriages, but had sent gifts and letters. Now Edwina was about to sail for Europe with a party of friends, Louise had written. "Poor Tom," she added, "is so alone and at the mercy of boarding-houses. Every time Albert and I sit down to our bountiful table I have a qualm thinking of Tom's meager fare. Poor fellow! he never had any fun or good times, and I don't believe he ever looks at a woman. I feel as if he had missed so much of life, and as if we were somehow to blame!"

"They never will realize that poor Tom is a great man. How can they be so blind, those dear creatures! always surveying their brother from a pedestal of kind but patronizing pity. I believe I shall send them Uncle Dick's letters! They ought to prove eye-openers!"

The Opera House was crowded that night, and Virginia looked and sang her best. Her Paris gown of white silk and cobwebby lace was wonderfully becoming. She was not a beauty, yet she often was beautiful, which is not so much of a paradox as it sounds. Her voice, tender, strong, cultivated, enthralled her hearers.

The evening was well advanced when Virginia's eyes saw something on the opposite side of the large stage that chilled her blood. A line of flame was creeping slowly upward. The grand piano almost hid it from view. Virginia kept on with her singing. Suddenly from the rear a man's form arose tall and commanding, and a voice Virginia knew spoke in clear, resonant tones, heard all over the house: "I am sent by the mayor. He wants every one here to follow me at once. There has been a terrible accident outside. He needs help. Don't delay a moment."

Virginia's voice had stopped at the first word and she had signed to her accompanist. She fairly held her breath as the great crowd, after a moment's pause, obeyed Tom Ireland's masterful voice. They filed out in excellent order, quickly, yet to the woman waiting it seemed an eternity.

"Come," the manager called from the rear; "they're safe, thanks to that fellow! He has his wits about him, but some people couldn't have carried it out." As he talked Mr. Felton was leading her quickly to the private entrance. He threw her fur-lined coat about her. "We can get out; the fire is slow. I've sent in a call to the fire department. It was a panic, I feared. People get so crazy."

Virginia stood waiting for a cab outside. Her manager had left her for a few moments. She could hear the approach of the firemen. The crowd was gathering.

"Miss Hammond, this way. I just spoke to your manager; it is all right." Virginia followed the tall form into the waiting cab. A sudden flare of an electric light showed her Tom Ireland's face.

"You need more care than I," she said in a shocked voice.

"I had more to lose; I thought that I never would get the crowd outside, explain to them and get back to you. My first impulse was to rush off the stage, but a moment's thought showed me the result. I was fairly certain from the position of the fire that you could readily escape by the west entrance, but I wanted to be sure beyond doubt."

"Did you care so much?" Virginia's voice trembled slightly.

"Care! Don't you know I've fought it out for over two years only to come miles to-night just to hear and see you once more. I've worked for you even while I knew you could never belong to me. And here, after all my resolves I've worried you with this!"

"Worried!" It was only a word, yet the voice and Virginia's face made Tom suddenly change his expression and his seat.

"I'm glad the fire did the work. It is a wonder that it didn't need an earthquake, a shipwreck and an auto accident," Virginia murmured later from the shelter of his arms. "You're not 'poor Tom,' but you certainly are a stupid Tom!"

"Not as dumb as I was before I met you, dear; I owe so much to you now, but you must keep on, Virginia. I may be a credit to you, yet—think of the great men upholstered by their wives—but I certainly shan't amount to a row of pins without you."

Later Virginia wrote to Tom's sisters. Part of each letter was in substance the same, as follows:

"Tom is writing to you of our engagement and approaching marriage; but I felt that I must also send you a line, to say that I only come into the family on one condition: and that is that never again must one of you ever call my husband 'poor Tom.' I'm not marrying 'poor Tom.' I'm marrying and loving with all my heart brave Tom, great Tom and the dearest Tom in all the world.

"Affectionately,
"VIRGINIA."

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Morgan Eckley

THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT

By WILL LISENBEE

Commenced in February Number

CHAPTER VII.

ACK BARTON, Copper King, sat on the porch, looking out across the silent and desolate valley, and in the darkened library, cold in death, lay the stranger who, with his dying breath, had placed the brand of Cain on his wife.

Who was the man? Where was his wife? Had she fled after committing the deed? or was she still lurking somewhere near?

Barton bowed his head and tried to think coherently. He realized the seriousness of his own situation. A man had been murdered. His body lay in the house. There

were no witnesses to the crime, and the guilt might be easily fastened upon himself, a stranger and an intruder, but he was unmoved by the thought. He was trying to untangle the threads of mystery that were woven about the tragedy. He was trying to grasp all the details. The murdered man could not have been over thirty-five. He was well dressed. A valuable gold watch was in his pocket and a very handsome diamond ring on one of the fingers of his left hand.

The deed had been committed, Jack was convinced, after his arrival at the house. Besides the murdered man and himself, Jack had no knowledge of any other visitor to the place excepting—the girl—the mysterious Dorothy.

And the stranger had been murdered by his wife!

Who was the strange girl?

An awful thought forced itself into his mind. Could it be that she was the man's wife? That she had committed the dreadful deed?

"Good God! It can't be possible!" he gasped.

He got up and walked the porch with restless energy. He tried to think coherently. She was the only person he had seen about the premises excepting the murdered man. He realized at once how adverse the circumstances were, and yet his mind utterly refused to associate her with the crime. He recalled the dying man's words, but he felt convinced these could have no possible reference to the girl unless she had been the wife of the murdered man!

That he could not believe. But what had brought her to the lonely house? Or was it her home? Would she return?

He felt how hopeless were all his efforts to arrive at the bottom of the mystery.

Then there was another problem to be solved! What was he to do? A murder had been committed. It was his duty to report the matter to the authorities, but how was this to be done? He was chained, as it were, to the deserted house in which the murdered man lay, and in his helpless condition it would be madness to attempt to make his way across the desert mountains to any settlement. Even had he been able to travel he realized that, with his lack of knowledge of the country, and being already hopelessly lost, he might perish in the desert before reaching any help.

He re-entered the house and made a careful search through every room, up stairs and down, but no living soul was to be found. The rooms were all furnished, two of the bed rooms almost sumptuously—but all the shutters were closed, indicating that they were not being occupied, though the doors were not locked.

Jack was led to believe that the house had been closed, and that the owners were absent, for an inspection of the kitchen and dining room showed that no meals had been cooked or eaten there for some time. The kitchen range showed no signs of having had a fire kindled in it for a long period, and in the pantry there was nothing excepting some canned provisions, a few loafs of hard bread—weeks old, and a few unopened packages of provisions.

When his search of the house was completed and he had arrived at the conclusion that the murdered man as well as the girl had been merely visitors to the place, he was just as much puzzled. He could not account for the presence of the two there, nor for the girl's hurried departure.

If the family who lived at the place had closed the house and gone away for a season, why were the doors unlocked? Had a caretaker been left in charge, and was the unlocked doors the result of his carelessness? Again Jack could find no satisfactory answer to his questions, unless, as might be the case, it was the custom in that country to dispense with locks, thereby extending a hospitality to the chance passer that would serve bet-

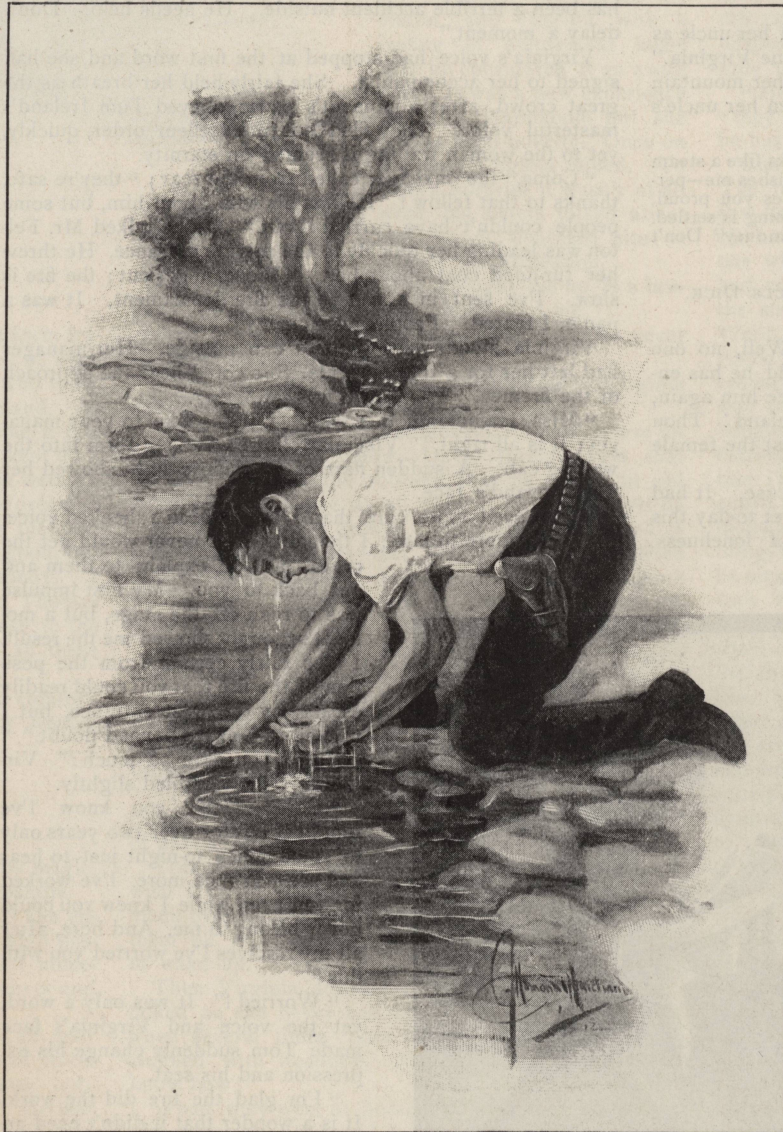
ter than locks to protect the premises from pillage.

Much concerned as Jack was over the strange, tragic affair, he now became conscious of the fact that he had eaten nothing since the day before, and in consequence was very hungry. He returned to the kitchen, and having explored the pantry, brought out some ground coffee, canned meat and a box of stale crackers, and having kindled a fire in the range, made a cup of strong coffee, which he drank as he ate the crackers and canned beef.

It was not a sumptuous repast, but he felt greatly refreshed and strengthened when he had finished. He was grateful for having found shelter and food, truly a God-send for one in his disabled condition, but this bit of good fortune was alloyed by the harrassing shadow of the tragedy.

He could not drive from his mind the thought of the rigid form lying in the library. He would have been glad to have turned his back on the desolate valley and never looked upon it again, but he felt that to do so under the circumstances—even had he not been handicapped with an injured limb, would not only be a hazardous undertaking but nothing short of cowardice. He must remain and see the affair out.

In the meantime, what was to be done with the body of the murdered man? He could not permit it to lie there unburied for very long, and he might have to wait for days before any one would put in an appearance.



He washed his hands and face in the cool water

He walked out into the grounds, and laboriously climbed a little elevation back of the house so as to command a view of the surrounding valley. But there was no living soul to be seen. On his return to the house he entered the library. It had occurred to him that if he would make a thorough search of the deceased stranger's clothing he might discover some clue to his identity. But now as he stepped into the room he stopped and stared about in profound amazement.

The body of the murdered man had disappeared!

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR a moment Barton was chilled by a sort of a queer, inexplicable sensation—a vague and indefinable sense of fear. He glanced apprehensively about as if he suspected the murdered man to be hiding somewhere in the room ready to spring upon him. He was in no sense superstitious, yet it required a supreme effort to free himself from the paralyzing dread that chained him.

He threw open all the shutters and let in the broad light of the Arizona sun. Then he stood looking at the spot where the body had lain. There was the dark stain of blood—all that remained to tell of the tragedy that had been enacted there.

What had become of the body? In the first moments of his amazement a wild, gruesome thought had flashed into his mind—that life had not been extinct as he had supposed, and that the stranger had risen and was wandering somewhere about the house. The thought gave him a shock, and it was some moments before he could recover his composure.

Now as he stood in the glaring light and had time to collect his scattered faculties, he realized that the body had been removed by some person during his absence from the room. This added another complication to the mystery. There could be no doubt that some one was concealed about the house, and in all probability had been there ever since his arrival. It was but logical to conclude that the person who had removed the body was the murderer, or at least some one who was in league with the murderer. Jack had seen no one enter or leave the house. No vehicle in which the body might have been taken away had come or gone from the house—of this he was positive. Then the unknown visitor, whoever he might be, must still be there. Perhaps the body of the murdered man had been taken to some other room.

Having reached this conclusion, Jack made a hasty search through the house, going into every room, every nook and corner, but his efforts were futile. He did not discover a living soul, nor could he find the slightest trace of the body of the murdered man.

He next searched the grounds, making a careful inspection of the walks in the hope of finding the tracks of the unknown visitor, but without avail. It seemed quite impossible that any person could have entered the building and have carried the body away without being discovered, yet this seemingly impossible feat apparently had been accomplished.

But what could be the object? Why should the slayer—assuming that it was the slayer who had carried the body away—return to the scene of his crime for the purpose of removing the body of his victim? If it were the murderer who had removed the body, then the guilty one must be a man. Yet had not the dying man said that the deed had been committed by his wife?

The more Jack Barton tried to solve the mystery the more perplexed he became. The sun had gone down behind the distant hills, but in the sky there still lingered the red, sultry glare.

Ill at ease, Jack, lit a cigar and walked out into the grounds. Though the disappearance of the body of the murdered man had relieved him of a gruesome charge, he was beset with the harrassing conviction that the murderer was lurking somewhere about the premises. It was not a pleasant situation to be playing hide and seek, as it were, with a murderer who might be lying in ambush, ready to add another victim to his list.

Barton carried a pistol of the most approved make in his pocket, and though he would have no fear of an encounter with the unknown, as man to man in the open, he did not fancy the idea of being assailed from ambush, and he glanced apprehensively about him, half expecting to see the murderer emerge from the shadows of the trees. But if anyone was lurking about the place, he was careful to keep out of sight.

As Jack was returning to the house he heard the flap of wings in the silent air, and turning his gaze upward he saw a carrier pigeon sweep gracefully overhead and descend to the building. It flew straight through the open window of the adobe structure and disappeared from view. The appearance of the pigeon

brought a sudden conviction to his mind that the pigeons in the old adobe building were kept for the purpose of communicating with some neighboring ranch, and that the one that had just arrived bore a message.

He found the bird perched on the bench near the cages, picking at some seeds scattered about. It was quite gentle, and having caught it, he saw at once that there was a small object fastened to the little metal ring on its leg. This proved to be a small piece of paper on which something was written. It was now growing quite dark, and it was with difficulty that he read the brief message:

"If you have returned, do send me word at once, dear. What madness has kept you away?"

"Lovingly,
"DOROTHY."

The bit of paper almost fell from Jack's hand as he read the signature.

Dorothy! The name echoed and re-echoed through his brain. The message was from her! He held it in his hand as if it were something sacred.

For whom was the message intended? There was no name to indicate to whom it had been sent. But it was meant for someone who had been, or now was, absent from the place. And that person, whoever it was, had

either returned or was expected to return.

Jack's mind reverted to the removal of the body from the library. Could it be that the one who had done this was the one to whom the message had been sent? A sudden thought occurred to him. He would replace the message on the pigeon's leg, and in the morning he would see if it were still there. Having done this, he left the adobe structure and entered the main building.

It was quite dark by this time, and groping his way through the hall, he ascended the stairs. On reaching the landing above, he turned to the left, passed through one of the bed rooms out on a covered veranda. Here he seated himself on a bench, lit a cigar and surrendered himself to serious reflection.

The message brought by the carrier pigeon, he had noticed, was written in the same hand as that which he had received from the girl at the inn. Where had it been sent from? It was evident that an answer was expected. Why not send a message to the girl? But he remembered that he knew little if anything about carrier pigeons. It is true that there were a number of them in the old building, but how was he to tell which to select? In order to send a return message it would be necessary to find a pigeon that belonged at the other end of the line. The ones he had seen might all belong at Blackrocks. Yet it was evident that an answer had been expected, and this seemed to prove that there was some way by which it could be sent.

Jack thought over the matter, and though it was now too late to make an attempt, as he was quite sure the pigeons would not fly in the dark, he resolved to do so early the following morning.

Sitting there in the darkness, his thought ran in a strange groove. The tragic incidents that had taken place since his arrival at Blackrocks were not such as to inspire him with a feeling of security. This feeling was augmented by the conviction that the murderer was in hiding about the premises and might have murderous designs on any intruder. But the silence reigned unbroken by any sound of step, or opening or closing of any door. The shadows lay black about the silent building, and not a breath of wind stirred the thick foliage of the trees. Overhead, from a cloudless sky, the stars shone with rare brilliancy.

For two hours Barton sat in silent contemplation of his gloomy surroundings, and then, surrendering himself to a drowsy feeling that stole over him, he stretched himself on the long bench and fell asleep.

How long he had slept he never knew. He was not awakened suddenly. He first became conscious that he was listening to sweet strains of music that seemed to come from far away. It invaded his senses with a delicious sense of pleasure, and for a time he surrendered himself to the spell that was on him. Then the sound of laughter and the muffled murmur of voices broke on his drowsy brain. Gradually he became fully awake. For a moment he could scarcely remember where he was. He sat bolt upright and flung a bewildered gaze about him.

The moon had risen, and its yellow beams were falling from across the eastern hills, throwing a network of silver amid the black shadows of the silent trees. The air was vibrant with music. From the drawing-room below came the sweet strains of a waltz, the muffled sound of voices, ripples of gay laughter and the rhythmic glide of dancers.

Barton rose and stood leaning against the wall, his senses in a whirl.

The house of mystery and tragedy had become a house of mirth!

Lights flashed from the open windows; men and women strolled leisurely about the grounds; the murmur of voices and the ripple of musical laughter mingled with the delicious strains of music.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR a moment Barton could hardly realize that he was not dreaming—so amazing a transformation had taken place in the scene. It seemed as if black magic were at work. Who was the gay crowd? Had the Master of Blackrocks returned and was he celebrating the event by filling the house with guests?

As these thoughts presented themselves to his mind he heard a light step inside the bedroom. He turned quickly, and as he did so there was the rustle of a woman's dress, and a supple form slipped through the open window and stood before him on the gallery.

Barton was mute with surprise. A

young woman stood half in shadow and half in the yellow light of the moon. A yellow mask hid her face, but the dark, witching eyes were turned on Jack Barton, and she lifted her hand as if to command silence.

"I beg that you will pardon me if I have startled you," she said in a low, musical voice that rose scarcely above a whisper. There was a melodious accent in her speech. She leaned a little forward as she spoke, and a faint breath of perfume was wafted on the night air.

"I assure you that I am an intruder in the house," Jack murmured, half convinced that he had been mistaken for some one else, "and it is due that I make apologies for my presence here."

"Oh, but we are not going to talk about that," she interposed, "when there are so many things of more importance to speak of."

"I feel honored," Jack replied, "that you should thus favor me, but I beg to inform you that you are making a mistake—that I am not the person you take me to be."

"Then you are not Mr. Barton?" she said.

"Why, that is my name," he admitted, "but—"

She made a quick gesture for silence. She came a little nearer and spoke almost in a whisper.

"We cannot talk here," she warned. "I have much to say to you. You will come to me in the grove north of the house. I shall be waiting for you there. Listen," she added: "You must not go down by the main stairs. There is a little stairway at the rear of the building. You will join me within five minutes?"

Her dark eyes were upon him, and she leaned forward eagerly to wait his answer.

While she was speaking many thoughts had flashed through Jack's mind. Who was she? How did she come to know him? And, above all, what was the meaning of all this secrecy? Could this be the mysterious Dorothy? Who else would know his name?

But he had no time to ponder over these questions just now, for the eyes of the mysterious visitor were upon him, and she was leaning forward, expectant, eager to hear his answer.

Her presence threw a spell over him. He felt that it was impossible to refuse her anything, and he answered without hesitation.

"I shall be most happy," he said, "but my pleasure would be multiplied if I might know the name of my fair visitor."

She made no reply, but turned and slipped through the window and vanished in the darkness.

Jack Barton stood immovable, perplexed, mystified.

"By George! what a mysterious little witch she is!" he muttered under his breath. "What in the name of all that is queer can she have to say to me? Surely this is the house of enchantment as well as of tragedy!"

He glanced at his watch. It was twelve o'clock.

"A witching hour, indeed," he mused. He stepped noiselessly through the window, passed through the bedroom and into the hall. Groping his way along, he finally reached the back stairs, which he cautiously descended. Then he opened the door and stepped outside.

He could hear the sound of voices blending with the strains of music; and in the shadows of the trees he could see forms moving and hear ripples of merry laughter. But north of the house the coast was clear, and making his way in the shadow of the adobe wall, he walked hurriedly toward the spot appointed.

It was some distance from the house, in a little grove of stunted pines. Back of the grove was a deep ravine, and on the left the rocky wall of a cliff rose to a height of forty feet. At the foot of the cliff was a little open space, and as Jack approached he saw his midnight visitor sitting on a slab of rock.

"It is so good of you to come," she said in her musical voice. "Do have a seat here. It is so much easier to talk when one is sitting."

She waved her hand toward the long slab of stone on which he was seated.

"Many thanks," he said seating himself beside her on the rock. "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Oh, no, indeed!" she cried. "You are quite prompt. I know that you are wanting to know what I shall have to say to you; who I am, what object I can have in seeking this interview and all that, but I can't explain everything just now."

Continued on page 12



Is This WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

HAVE you ever run across a case where the law steps between a mother and her children?

Many States have such laws. One of the worst of them dates back to the time of Charles the Second. In Tennessee, right now, in this Year of Our Lord 1912, the statutes say that a father can by will leave an unborn child to somebody other than the mother. Somebody, perhaps, who is not even friendly with the mother.

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THE DELINEATOR

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"But you will at least give me the pleasure of knowing your name?" pleaded Jack.

"My name would mean nothing to you, so, for convenience, if you desire, you can call me Felipa."

"But that is not your name?"

She laughed. "It will suffice," she said. "What are the odds? If we go on like this I shall never come to what I want to say to you."

"I am ready to listen," said Jack.

"I hope you will not think me impertinent for asking you questions that may appear to be none of my business," she said. "Would you mind telling me how long you have been at Blackrocks?"

"Not in the least. I arrived here yesterday morning, I will say, for it is now past midnight."

"Thank you. And you found the house deserted?"

"It seemed to be," replied Jack.

"You saw no one about the premises?"

"Not a soul."

"And you have seen no one since you arrived till to-night?"

"I did not say that," corrected Jack.

"You saw some one then?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"I cannot say. It was some time before noon, however!"

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Can you tell me who she was?"

"I cannot give her name."

"Do you mean you cannot or won't?" she asked.

"I mean that I cannot."

"Was she young or old?"

"Young — about eighteen, perhaps."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I did not."

"Was she in the house?"

"I do not know. I saw her leaving the house. I could not say that she was inside."

"And you did not speak to her?"

"Not a word."

"Can you describe her?"

Jack described her at some length.

"And had you never seen her before?" asked his questioner.

"Yes," admitted Jack. "I saw her once before."

"When and where?"

"At a little stage station a day or two ago."

"Did you hear her name?"

"I cannot say. The landlord gave me a name that he thought might be hers."

"He was not sure it was correct?"

"No. He pronounced a name that sounded like Dorothy. That was all he could tell me."

"Dorothy? Ah! And you saw her here at Blackrocks?"

"Yes."

"And she left without speaking to you?"

"Yes."

"On foot?"

"No; on horseback."

"And you are sure you saw no one else during the day?" asked the woman with the yellow mask.

"Yes, I did," replied Jack, "and that is precisely what I wish to talk about. Miss Felipa, there has been a dreadful crime committed here, and if you know anything about it you had best say so at once; then we shall not be at cross purposes. What do you know about the affair?"

"I am trying to find out what you know about it." Her voice shook a little as she spoke. "You say there has been a great crime committed at Blackrocks?"

"I do," answered Jack. "Murder has been committed!"

"Murder?" Her voice was weak with agitation.

"Without doubt," answered Jack. "A

man—a stranger to me—was murdered in the library."

"How—how do you know it was murder?" She was leaning forward, her breath coming quickly.

"The man was not dead when I found him in the library, but before he died he told me that he had been murdered—"

"He told you that?" she interposed. "Did he say who it was that had committed the crime?"

"I asked him who had committed the deed and he spoke but two words. He said 'My wife!'"

For a moment there was silence. The woman sat as if stupefied.

"His wife?" she said faintly. She seemed to steady herself. "Good heavens!" she added, "can such a thing be possible?"

"I can only judge from his words," answered Jack. "He was dying, and in such a condition there is little reliance to be put in what one may say. He might have been laboring under an hallucination, or simply calling for his wife. Who shall say?"

"Who indeed?" She sank back against the rocky wall. "How horrible! And to think of all this merriment going on while the body of the murdered stranger lies under the same roof. Good heavens!"



A supple form slipped through the window

"I am not sure that the body is here," Jack interposed. "It disappeared from the library and I have searched for it in vain."

"What! the body gone!" she said with a little gasp.

"Yes, it had disappeared."

She shivered.

"And you have no idea who did this?" she asked.

"None in the least. I desire to lay the whole matter before the proper authorities as soon as possible, but for the present I am tied to this place as the result of an accident that befell me on my way here, in which my horse was killed and I was severely injured. I have hoped that the owner of Blackrocks would put in an appearance so that I might apprise him of the shocking tragedy that has taken place beneath his roof, and now, judging that he has returned, I shall go to him at once."

"He—he is not here," said the woman with the yellow mask.

"He is not?" cried Jack. "Then how does the place happen to be filled with visitors?"

"Perhaps they did not know of his absence till they arrived, and like yourself, they are making themselves at home."

Her answer seemed to Jack like an evasion.

"Perhaps you can tell me the name of the owner of Blackrocks?" he said.

"Colonel Barrington," she answered. "He built the house, I understand, for a Winter residence, and he and his wife and daughter Mildred spend the Winters here, and some times they remain here all the year round."

"When will they return?"

"I cannot say." She mused a moment. "But I can tell you something else," she added. "I can tell you the name of the man who was murdered!"

CHAPTER X,

THE dark eyes of the strange woman shone brilliantly through her yellow mask.

"Listen," she went on: "I told you that I could give you the name of the man who was murdered. That is not all. I can tell you much more. His name was Percy Fitzgerald?"

"Percy Fitzgerald?" echoed Jack Barton. "Who was he? and what was he doing here?"

"What he was doing here I do not know. He was the son of Guy Fitzgerald, an English gentleman who owned an estate in Sussex. Young Fitzgerald came to America some years ago, and later he came to Arizona, where he became acquainted with Richard Jessup, a wealthy mine-owner. A warm friendship sprang up between the two men. Richard Jessup had no family save a daughter of some seventeen years who lived with him at Sky Lodge, his country residence in the mountains of Arizona. Jessup was something of a recluse. He made but few friends, but he conceived a warm attachment for the young Englishman. Soon after this Mr. Jessup died, but before he died he did an unwise thing. He appointed Fitzgerald as his executor and made him the guardian of his daughter."

"The result was that Percy Fitzgerald fell in love with his ward, who was hardly old enough to know her own mind, and they were married. It was the old story, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.' Now a very strange thing happened. At the very hour of their marriage—at the very altar in fact—Percy Fitzgerald left his young bride—left her without a word and disappeared. She never heard from him, and his strange conduct was a mystery she could not solve. She never bore his name, for after his heartless desertion she expressed the wish that she might never hear the name again. She brought her uncle and aunt—Martin Jones and his wife—to live with her at Sky Lodge. That is the story of Percy Fitzgerald. And now after his strange absence, he returned only to meet his death—shall we say at the hands of his wife? How dreadful!"

"It is dreadful," sanctioned Jack. "Good heavens, could it be possible? Who is his wife? You know her?"

"Yes, I know her. She lives at Sky Lodge yet—in the mountains ten miles from Blackrocks—and her name—for she never bore the name of the man she married, as I told you, is—Dorothy Jessup!"

The name rang through the brain of Jack Barton like the blast of a trumpet. A feeling of horror ran through him. His face grew white as he stood staring at the masked woman. He leaned forward and when he spoke his voice was hoarse with feeling.

"It cannot be!" he cried. "It is a lie—uttered by the man who had wronged her—"

for what foul purpose God only knows!"

"Then you know her?" said the masked woman, "and are ready to defend her?"

"I have met her, if she is the woman who visited Blackrocks yesterday, and I am now convinced she is—and I am ready to defend her against so infamous a charge. Who are you that you should accuse her?" he added vehemently: "Why do you come here in disguise? Do you fear to be known?" She put up her hand to stop him.

"Don't!" she implored. "I have made no accusation. It was you who told me that Percy Fitzgerald had accused his wife of committing the deed, and it was you who told me that his wife was here at Blackrocks at the very time that the deed must have been committed! What would you have one think? Your own story brands her as a murderess, and if you do not want to hang Dorothy Jessup, do not tell what you have told to me!" She laughed wildly—hysterically. "What do think of that? Who now is her accuser?" She stopped abruptly and listened.

"Oh, but I must be going!" she said. "I shall see you again, and then we shall hunt the murderess down—if it be a murderess." And turning, she fled through the grove.

Jack's thoughts were in a jumble. Who was the woman who had just left him? What was her object in masquerading as she had done? Could it be that she was Dorothy Jessup?

He waited impatiently for the woman's return. The minutes passed with painful slowness. Fifteen minutes had gone by and yet she did not return. He strolled toward the house. The music had ceased. There was no sound of voices. A profound silence lay over the place. He quickened his steps and reached the house. It was wrapped in darkness, silent and deserted. The woman with the yellow mask, the gay company—all had vanished.

Amazed, mystified, Jack Barton walked back and forth in front of the house, feeling as if he had been duped.

"I wonder," he mused, "how long this sort of business is going to continue? By George! I don't think the woman intended to come back! She worked the game on me smoothly. Who can she be? What can she be driving at? Who were the people with her? Surely the whole country is not in conspiracy in this affair! I think I'd be justified in sliding out of here, but I'm going to see this thing through if it takes me all Summer!"

For an hour he sat on the porch smoking, and then he entered the uncanny house, where he felt so ill at ease, went into the drawing room, and throwing himself on a davenport, soon fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke. He got up and went out into it. Visions of the night's events and of the woman with the yellow mask still lingered in his brain. The music of running water came to his ears, and a little breeze passing among the trees stirred the branches into a tremulous murmur. He washed his face and hands in the cool water that ran

in a little rivulet through the grounds, and felt a delicious sense of pleasure as he splashed in the limpid stream.

As he walked toward the house the sight of a pigeon sitting in the window of the adobe building recalled to his mind the message that the little winged creature had brought the evening before. He entered the building and stood surveying the birds. And now, as he bent over one of them, he saw a small card attached to the cage, on which he read, "Sky Lodge."

His face brightened. "By George, these are the birds that belong at the other end of the line!" he exclaimed, "and I'm going to give one of them a job."

Taking a leaf from his note book, he wrote the following thereon:

"Blackrocks, 7:30. Met with accident and am unable to get away. Found place deserted. I fear murder has been done. Can you send some one?"

JOHN BARTON."

Having fastened this to one of the pigeon's legs, he carried it from the building and released it. It flew upward in a circle till it was above the trees, then it flew westward in a bee-line.

He watched it in its flight till it vanished from sight, and turning, he entered the house. As he was passing through the hall he came to a sudden stop. He smelt the odor of coffee and bacon. He also heard sounds that must proceed from the kitchen—the rattle of cups and dishes.

Had Colonel Barrington and his family returned during the night? It seemed hardly probable for it was far past midnight when he had fallen asleep, and as he was a very light sleeper, any noise such as the opening and shutting of doors would have awakened him at once.

Nevertheless, there was some one in the kitchen, and he was not greatly surprised at that, for it seemed from his experience since his arrival at the place that it was customary for any passerby to drop in and make himself at home. There was a chance, he reflected, that the person now making free with the culinary department might belong to the house, and he felt that under the circumstances he ought not to intrude unannounced. With this in mind, he retraced his steps to the front door, which was standing open, and knocked.

He heard some one approaching with a quick step. A moment later a man came into view. He was rather showily dressed and there was a scar on his cheek. One fleeting glance and Barton recognized the man—knew him as Black Karl, the bandit.

The bandit stopped abruptly as his eyes fell on Jack. At the same instant he made a quick movement; there was a flash of blue steel, and Jack Barton was looking into the muzzle of a very large pistol.

"I think I have got the drop on you this time!" said the bandit, with an air of one who felt confident that he held the winning hand, "and I shouldn't advise you to make any bad breaks, as I should hate to muss up the premises with your blood in the absence of my host."

TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. SMITH, NO OCCUPATION

By J. H. ROCKWELL.

It was a chilly morning. B-r-r-r! Mrs. Smith—that's Mother—smothered the sound of the alarm clock in the blankets and got up—at once. Father peacefully snored on.

Mother was terribly tired, but she didn't have time to think of that. She went to the kitchen, fumbled about for a match and lit the fire, which she had laid the night before.

Then she returned up stairs to dress. She shook Father. "Tom, it's time to get up!" "Uh-huh," grunted Father, and turned over for another nap. That was just the first call to breakfast.

She went down stairs again and put more coal on the kitchen fire, and soon the ham she had sliced the evening before, was frying in the pan, with eggs she had brought over from the store just opening up for the day.

Then she spread the cloth and laid the plates. Again she climbed the stairs. "Tom, breakfast is ready; it's six o'clock, and you'll be late to work." Then she put her head in at another door. "Ralph, it's time to get up! Ralph, do you hear? Ralph!"

She got four breakfasts that morning: Father's, Ralph's, the children's and Antoinette's. And when the school bell was ringing, she discovered that little Gertrude

hadn't put on the clean dress that had been laid out for her, and so she had to hustle her into it. And five-year-old Jack, when he was all dressed for the kindergarten, went out into the yard to help Dorothy Smith, a year younger than he, make mud pies, and the work of dressing had all to be done over again.

Just at this juncture, Antoinette called from up stairs: "Where is my pink bow? I can't find it." Mother hurried up stairs, breathing hard in the climb, and went into Antoinette's room. She opened two drawers, and then: "Here it is just where you left it."

Then she washed dishes, and dried them too; she had thought of asking Antoinette to dry them, but remembered that Antoinette was the only one of the family that had talent, and so she was left to the practice of her music lesson. After making the beds she had to sweep and tidy the front room, for Antoinette's beau was coming that night, and after doing that she had it in mind to sit down for a moment and look over the morning paper, but recalled the fact that Ralph's suit had to be gotten ready and sent to the cleaner.

Just then there was a knock on the door. It was the man collecting names for the "City Directory." "Thomas Smith, carpenter," he wrote, "Ralph Smith, clerk; Mrs. Susan Smith, no occupation."



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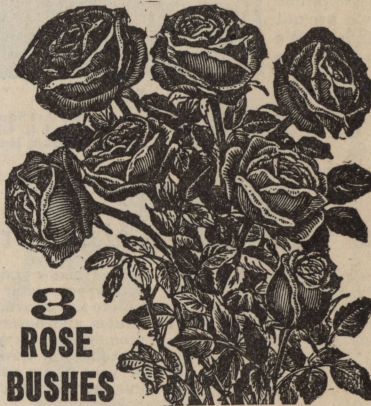
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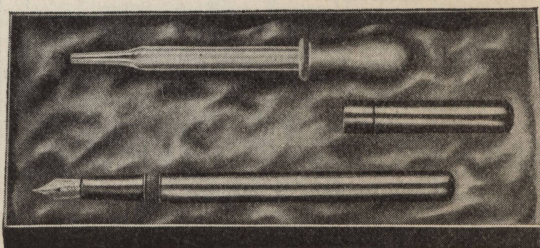
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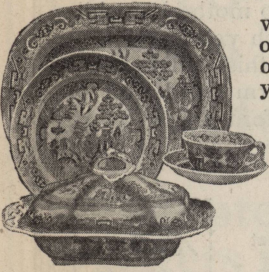


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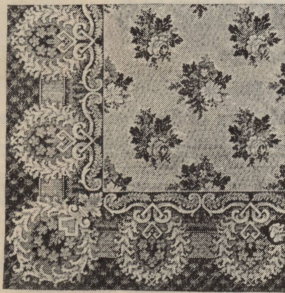
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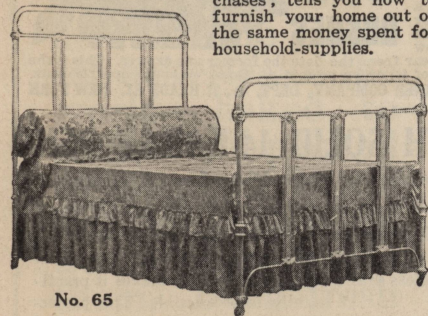


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THE ENGAGEMENT RING

By Flora Huntley

Illustrated by William E. Parker



FOR six weeks Barbara McBride had looked with satisfaction upon the diamond on the third finger of her left hand, and despite the proverb, the course of true love ran as smooth as Bert's canoe on the still waters of the lake. Then came the inevitable ripple.

It was a simple thing, which could have been explained in a half dozen words, but a man's pride, more colossal than the vanity of the vainest woman forbade the explanation.

He sat beside her under the overhanging branches of fir and alder, the canoe drawn up on the beach at their feet. They were very happy in a young and foolish fashion, that had not yet reckoned on the actual costs

of setting up a home. The discovery of their love had been sufficient for the present and gay dreams had obliterated all realities. He held her hand—the one which wore the ring, and kissed it gallantly; then he looked keenly at the gem.

"Your diamond needs cleaning," he remarked, in a carefully careless tone.

"That's because I've been trailing my hand in the water; it'll be all right after a soap-suds bath." She looked up brightly—this "dearest girl in all the world," and nestled just a bit nearer her lover.

"It needs more than soap and water," he went on, "the setting should be polished too. I'll take it into town with me and have shined up for you."

"No, you won't!" she laughed playfully, and snatched away her hand.

"Why not? I'll bring it back to-morrow." His tone suggested the most wondering good-nature.

"Oh, because. I—why it's never been off my finger you know, since you put it there."

"I can put it on again," he consoled.

"I should miss it dreadfully. Why I don't believe I could go to sleep at all without it." She seemed actually distressed.

"Do you like it so well, Bab, really?" He smiled with a self-satisfied air, pleased at the girl's approval of his gift and flattered at her devotion.

"Of course I do—I love it, Bert, because when you are away I can feel it and know that you care."

She was very serious about it, this black-haired, blue-eyed girl, with the blood of the Scotch covenanted glowing in her cheeks. The intensity of her love, once given, had been a revelation to him. The fine temper which he had both feared and admired was transformed into a passion of devotion which sometimes awed him. But it is the nature of man to grow accustomed to his blessings as well as to his misfortunes, and so Bert Allen ceased to marvel at the greatness of the gift bestowed upon him—the wonder of a woman's love, and accepted it as the proper reciprocal of his own bestowed affection. It was something due him which he justly deserved. And he was adorable with his great, broad shoulders, and strong clean face. The girl felt he was a real defender.

"I'm glad you like it." He took the hand again, and toyed with the ring. "Isn't it a little loose? You aren't growing thin, are you?" With a sudden turn of his finger, he drew it from her hand and held it high above his head.

"Oh, Bert, give it to me, please!" she begged, tugging at his arm and trying to pull it down where she could reach his hand.

"To-morrow," he promised graciously, "you shall have it back, clean as a diamond ought to be."

"But I don't want it cleaned, at least not now."

"I do!" he retorted, still good-naturedly.

"It's not your ring, anyhow, it's mine!"

"And you are mine, so all is mine!" he teased.

"I'm going into the city myself on Friday. I'll have it cleaned then."

"I'll have it cleaned to-morrow." He stood up and put the ring into his pocket, as he moved toward the canoe. "Come, we must go back to camp," he decided.

Barbara rose and followed him in silence, more annoyed than she

cared to confess. Why did he insist on a thing that so evidently displeased her? She adjusted the cushions to her back and sat facing him, while his strong bare arm lifted and turned the paddle in the shining water. The canoe cut the ripples of the lake as it moved on half the distance to camp, and neither spoke. They had sat thus without words, for many an hour, but this was a different silence.

At length the man broke it just as they neared shore. "You're not pouting over that ring, are you, Bab?"

"No." She spoke the word with a little pathetic rise of the voice, but offered nothing further in the way of comment.

It was dusk when they landed and she watched him roll down his sleeves, put on his coat and carefully stow away his canoe. Then he took her arm, in the possessing way he had, and they walked to the cottage.

"Good night, Barbara," he said gently, "you don't really care?"

"Yes, Bert, I do," she answered simply, "so give it back to me." She straightened, and drew up tall in the moonlight.

"Nonsense, Bab, of course you don't. It's all right."

"It isn't. What can it matter to you—a day more or less, or whether the ring is cleaned at all?"

"Not so much, certainly," he parried. "I just want to do it, now that I'm set out to; and anyhow, little girl, you've promised to obey, you know."

"No, I haven't."

"But you're going to, aren't you? Come now, say good night, I must get the next car, and it will be here in a minute."

She raised her face to receive his kiss, then with a cool dignity that he felt instinctively, she drew back.

"Oh, come now, not that way. Kiss me quick, Bab, there comes the car?"

In the moment the whole situation was flashed before her. Was this a quarrel—were they to part with a misunderstanding? It must not be. She put her arm about his neck. "Good night, Bert," she whispered against his cheek—"Good night, Bert."

But she was not happy as she watched him jump on the car and wave his hand from the lighted window. A depressing sense of calamity was upon her and she slept but poorly. The ring missing from her finger gave her an odd feeling of unreality. She did not care to have its absence noted by her friends. The explanation sounded trivial and unconvincing. Not that she doubted the truth of his statement, though she did wonder why he should be so determined to carry his point. Rather it was an oppressive sense of being dominated by a stronger will.

She spent the morning in her room, and took a long walk in the afternoon, hoping to regain her old joyous spirit, and she succeeded so well that when she met Bert Allen at the door that evening, he missed nothing in her smile of welcome.

"I have it," he whispered eagerly, as he put his arm about her and drew her close. "But let's go down on the shore, it's so stuffy indoors." He pulled her hand through his arm and they sauntered along the empty street till they reached a favorite clump of trees. It was here he had first placed the ring on Barbara's finger, and she was pleased that he thus delicately paid tribute to the occasion.

While they yet stood, he reached into his pocket for the ring, took the girl's hand and placed the diamond on her finger.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "Didn't cleaning improve it?"

"It's very brilliant," she agreed, turning her hand to catch the glitter, "but I don't love it any better."

"I do." An elation shone in his face, a glow of triumphant achievement.

"What is it, Bert, you look so—happy," she ventured for want of a better word.

"It's because I love you! Now don't I get a kiss?"



"I'll take it to town with me and have it shined up for you."

She gave it, fondly, and they sat down in the nook secluded from the street. Then she looked at the gem more closely. Suddenly the color left her face.

"Bert!" she exclaimed, "this isn't my ring!"

"Of course it is, dear," he assured her. "What are you thinking of? Take it off, if that's permissible and look at the lettering?" She did so, and in the fading light read the tiny letters engraved on the slender band. She put on the ring, but was not reassured.

"Anyhow, it doesn't look the same."

"Of course it doesn't, Babby, because it's clean! That's what I told you."

"The stone is different—it's bigger."

"If you haven't the greatest imagination!" he exclaimed, for the first time showing his annoyance. "Are we going to spend the whole evening disputing?"

"No," she answered coolly, "I hope not. But tell me the truth, Bert, is it the same stone?"

"Look here, Barbara," he said gravely, but without anger, "it isn't pleasant for a man to be accused of purloining diamonds, and quizzed and catechised in this way, especially by the woman he loves, the woman who promises to trust him above all men!"

"You haven't answered my question."

"No, I don't intend to."

She looked at him critically, as if she had never seen him before—this stern, determined man, was not the good-natured Bert Allen she had promised to marry.

"Suppose for the sake of argument that the stone could be a different one—haven't you enough confidence in me to believe that I am innocent? I thought women were noted for their faith, but on the first suspicious circumstance they fly in a man's face and accuse him of all sorts of treacheries; it isn't pleasant," he repeated.

"No, I suppose not," she agreed.

"Well," he blustered, more disturbed by her silence than the temper he expected. "Haven't you anything to say?"

"I—anything to say? Certainly not. What do you expect me to say?"

"You're right—for once, you have said enough—too much."

The girl looked at him with growing indignation. "I believe I will say it," she declared, "I'll tell you what I think of a man with so unreasoning an anger!"

"And what do you think?"

"I do not care to wear his ring. A gift with qualities so uncertain and demanded on so silly a pretext, brings only ill-luck!"

She drew the diamond from her finger and reached it to him, but he did not offer to take it and she dropped it on his hand.

He twitched as one might at the touch of an insect, and it rolled down into the sand. After a moment he picked it up and put it mechanically into his pocket.

"Very well," he said, after a moment, "I will walk back to the house with you."

"It isn't necessary at all."

"I will walk back to the house with you," he repeated, and accompanied her to the door. There he raised his hat and walked on down the street to his car.

There was no comment on Bert's early departure, as she entered the house, and she saw the delicacy of his forced attention. However much she had declared to herself that she wished to be free from the bond which had held her, she felt an instinctive desire to conceal the truth. A quarrel, she considered, not only unnecessary, but vulgar, and she passed directly to her room and shut herself in to face her trouble and the long night. It was too early to think of sleep and she sat down in the dusk without turning on the light. At first she was dazed with the suddenness with which she had been engulfed in the miserable situation, but soon her mind fixed itself on the details.

The stone was not the same! Bert had wanted the ring, was determined to get it for this purpose. It wasn't a whim as he had let her suppose, nor mere stubbornness in having his own way. What could have been his motive? She could conceive of no reason at all, save the one she instantly refuted, of raising money on the diamond. He had a good salary besides money in his own right. This she knew.

If he had been "innocent" as he claimed why did he not express surprise, or answer her frankly. Instead his whole attitude had been on the defensive, and his anger chiefly at her suspicions.

Accepting the facts she groped on to the next consideration. Was the accusation just, that she was lacking in faith? Ought she to have feigned a conviction that she did not feel and ignored the circumstance altogether? Her whole being repudiated such an attitude. She did not want to

conciliate any man by such a make believe. The rigid self-analysis went round in a circle and returned to the one indisputable fact. Bert loved her—he loved her. Whatever had been the cause of his strange conduct, he had never given a sign of disloyalty or wavering enthusiasm.

Unable to reach any other conclusion, she sought to forget her trouble in sleep. In the morning she would be rested and could reason calmly.

But sleep refused to come. Hour after hour she heard the striking of the clock; finally she ceased to struggle and deliberately gave her whole attention to reasoning her way through the labyrinth.

She began again at the one fact she could hold to—he loved her. She could not doubt it. He, too, was in trouble which she might not share. The facts were ugly, but after all it was not her problem. There must be some explanation, and she could wait.

They had quarreled—a thing which she had deemed impossible. Now, she knew what other women felt, women who had received her commiserating pity. She understood their heartache. But, she must not condemn. If he had shown anger, so had she; if he was in the wrong—but it could not be, there must be an explanation which sooner or later she would understand. Thus striving to restore the man to his pedestal, so that she might worship with better grace, she reasoned herself into a calmer frame of mind and fell asleep in the early morning.

All the next day she managed to keep this attitude and so she was not surprised at a message from her lover, later in the day, asking if he might call as usual.

The hour before he could reach her was the longest of her whole life. Only yesterday she had seen him, but every one of the miserable twenty-four marked an epoch in her life. The past three days were like the acts of a tragedy, the last scene of which was yet to be enacted. Her annoyance at his first act of domineering assurance had been succeeded by the bitter reality of a misunderstanding, and she had faced the tragedy of life without the love of Bert Allen. In that hour she came to know that nothing in the world mattered so much to her as his love.

She watched him get off the car and come toward the house. Her heart beat to suffocation. She opened the door and he stepped inside and took her in his arms.

When the girl breathed again, he was leading her out into the evening air, but neither had spoken. At last when they were seated in the old trysting place, the man began.

"I must tell you all about it, Barbara."

"No—no Bert, you needn't. It's all right. I do not care to know anything except that you are here again and that you care for me."

He smiled, perceiving how the intervening hours had cleared her understanding, but the old obstinacy crept into his face. "Yes, I must tell you, Barbara, because I did wrong. I see it now."

"Please, Bert," she implored. "Now that we understand each other, what do we care for the incidents of yesterday? I was exacting and curious. Let me show you that I do trust you in everything; let me prove it by refusing to listen to you now."

"No, Barbara. You feel so now, but we had better have no mysteries. It is not the same stone, I changed it because"—his face turned red.

Barbara's eyes ceased to watch his struggle, but she heard his voice go on with the confession.

"I didn't have the money to spare, just at the time I got the ring and—oh, I suppose you don't understand how a man feels! I didn't want to borrow for your ring. In two months a dividend was to be declared, but just then every cent was going to make payments. At home I could have had all sorts of credit, and I thought the jeweler would give me time, but he suggested the imitation until I could have it changed." He looked up, relieved that the explanation was over. "I've been frantic over the thing."

"Oh, Bert! why didn't you tell me? There was no hurry about the ring."

"How could I make the awkward miserable excuse? And I didn't want you to wait."

"I shouldn't have cared," she answered gently, as she began to comprehend the sensitiveness of a man's pride.

"You think so now, but then"—his brown hand closed again over her fingers, until the ring pressed into the tender flesh.

Her heart throbbed at the welcome pain. "You are right," she agreed, "but I've lived a hundred years since 'then'."



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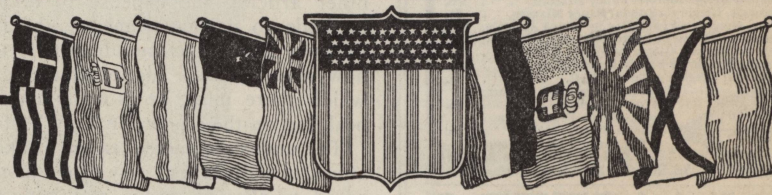
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EDITORIAL OUTLOOK

Sympathy

HOW many of us realize what a remarkable and happy change a little genuine sympathy can work in a fellow being? The golden link of sympathy binds very closely and strongly; it is the cement that holds friendships together when they are about to fall apart.

The person who laughs with you in your success and happiness is not necessarily a friend, for joy begets joy, and any one will laugh with you when you are successful and happy. Any one will share your good fortune to the limit, flatter you, fawn on you, even bear your burdens for you, if you are successful and happy. But when luck, and love, and joy, seem to have deserted you, and your friends have vanished like last year's snows, then it is that sympathy is the sweetest thing in the world, after love.

The shoulder to lean on, the hand to steady you, and the soft word of cheer, how precious they are! All too quickly time is passing, our time for good words and good deeds. Yesterday has gone, and to-morrow has not yet arrived; to-day is our day and the present is our time to sympathize.

Life, that seems so full and sweet to you, may seem long and dreary to another; give him a warm hand clasp and a word of cheer while you may. Don't build a wall of whys and wherefores up between you and your friend, and if others have done so, pull it down. Behind such a wall he is sure to pass from your sight and sink in a slough of despond so deep and so dark that it will be a wonder if he ever rises from it. Roll the stones away and help him to regain his lost balance, that is all he needs, just a word, and the pressure of a friendly hand in his time of trouble.

A. H. Q.

Spigot Savings

THE phrase, "To save at the spigot and lose at the bung," originated in the days when household stores were kept in large supply, and it was a fact of every day experience that the smaller the air hole in the head of a cask the scantier would be the outflow from its side.

The servant or wife of the niggardly man who thus sought to regulate the family outgo, was obliged to wait long on the reluctant stream, and would be apt to stint the required measure in consequence. Spigot savings are usually the little foxes that steal the grapes from real prosperity.

The dish rendered uneatable by the omission of some important ingredient, the garment spoiled by inferior finishings, the shoes worn in attempting to reduce car fare, the fire loss that might have been alleviated by the payment of reasonable insurance, the serious illness that resulted from a trifling neglect are examples of their deleterious effects.

Many small savings are wholly commendable, but the putting of fine articles to lowly uses to avoid the purchase of cheaper ones, the omission of repairs, the going without of tools or training necessary to the proper pursuit of our vocations are not among them.

While some people may be so circumstanced that the amount in hand or the materials procurable must largely control their expenditures, it rarely happens that there is absolutely no choice in the matter of disbursement, so many sides of the subject can be considered.

The comparative nutrition of different foods, the durability and usefulness of other articles, the expense of obtaining supplies, the adaptability of various methods to particular means, the amount that may safely be withdrawn from the sum allotted to creature comforts toward the accomplishment of other aims, how many of life's higher things can be rejected without injury are points on which there must be as many decisions as there are persons to whom they appeal, but on the whole the truly best is always cheapest.

The undesired morsel eaten "to keep it from spoiling," which brings on a bad attack of indigestion, may prove more costly than the most appetizing meal prepared to allay or entice real hunger. The cheap show that lowers our own or our children's mental standard may turn out more expensive in the long run than the higher-priced entertainment that would have broadened vision and enlightened taste. Conditions alter cases and confuse material values. That which increases self respect, power or spirituality is beyond price or computation.

The vacation that restores a fagged worker and milady's week-end at a fashionable resort may cost about the same but belong in different columns of the account book; the motor car that widens the usefulness of a busy man or introduces a city-weary family to out-door beauty, is a different vehicle from that which merely saves its plethoric owner a few steps of healthful exercise. A hundred dollar pleasure that leaves a score of pleasant memories behind it is a more profitable investment than fifty dollars spent on idle show.

"What will it cost?" and "Can we afford it?" are two of the gravest problems confronting existence; in solving them we must sum up all available and required assets. There may be opportunity for us in a certain line of business, but have we strength to withstand the temptations connected with it? We can attain success in another direction, but may be obliged to renounce cheerfulness, health, friendship or love. Can we afford it?

Surely it would seem that no hording of a stinted life can make up for the needless restriction of simple joys and natural emotions, and that the greatest economy is the saving to those about us and to the still, small voice within, that we call conscience, spirit or God,—our noblest selves.

H. M. M.

Only Suspended Animation

WHEN the angry, disappointed, tearful young wife poured out her troubles to an aged relative and wound up with the vehement declaration that her young husband had slain her love for him and henceforth for her love was done, the old lady never took her eyes off her knitting work and only remarked calmly, "My child, this is a case of suspended animation. Love isn't that easily killed."

Of course the young woman was angrier than ever but it did no good to rage. She expected sympathy and received none, but she did hear some words of sound sense from that elderly woman. "If any one had the appearance of being dead and yet there was a doubt as to his still living, you wouldn't hurry him to his grave for fear he would come to," said the old lady in her homely way. "You'd give him a chance, wouldn't you?" And when the young woman self-poised, happy, serene and beloved recalled the conversation some years later, she was able to laugh at what might have been a tragedy but for the old lady. She found truly that real love was not easily slain, and that many a woman who obtains a separation from her husband in a fit of petulance is heartily sorry when it is too late.

So if all the brides of this year will only remember that love, the right kind of love, has more lives than the proverbial cat, and that the first little tiff doesn't lay it low, there will be more happiness and more substantial homes in the land than ever before. Instead of deciding that affection is slain and sending for the undertaker for fear it may come back to life, just give it a fair chance and see if it is not merely a deep sleep or case of suspended animation.

H. R.



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black satin are the materials employed in the present instance. The coat, No. 5725, is cut in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. The 36-inch bust size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54 inches. The skirt, No. 5737, is cut in five sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. It consists of a three-piece tunic and flounce joined to a two-piece foundation. In the 24-inch size it requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches, or $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches.

The foundation goes require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 or 36-inch material. Width at lower edge in medium sizes is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The skirt is without fulness at the back and the coat is semi-fitted by side-back seams.

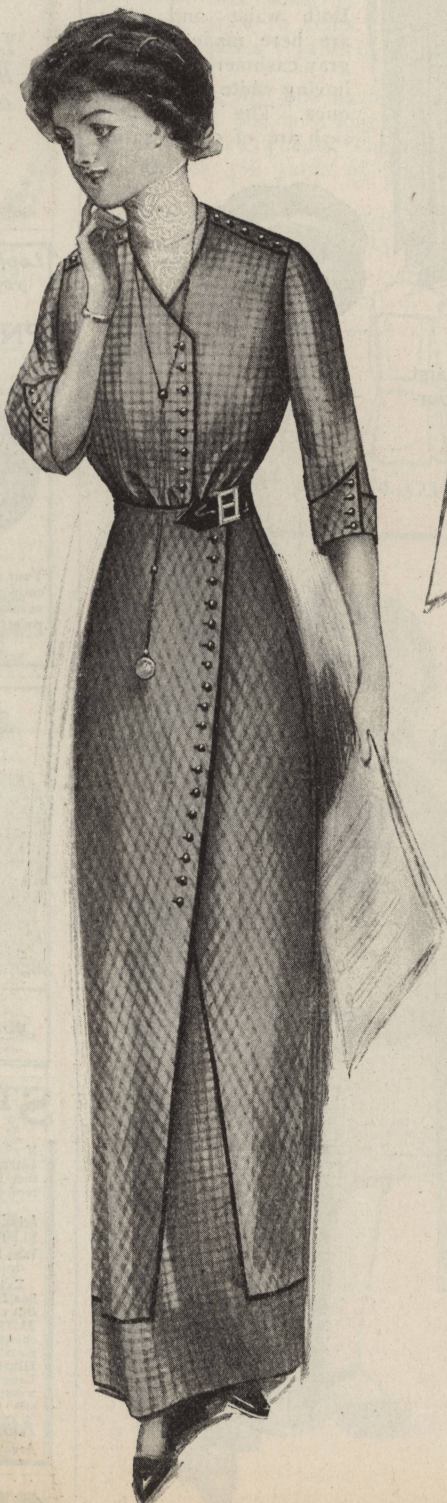
Very attractive is the last costume on this page, which may do for house wear at present, but later, when the weather permits the laying aside of heavy wraps, will be equally suitable for the street. The material selected for the pictured costume is black-and-white serge, all the free edges being piped with black satin, of which material the half belt is made, while small jet buttons add to the decoration. The chemisette is of white lace. This costume is composed of No. 5746, Ladies'



No. 5747, Ladies' Empire Dress with Three-Piece Skirt having Side Panel.

A BEAUTIFULLY effective costume suitable for street or house wear is No. 5747. It is in Empire style, closes at the left side of the front, and has a removable chemisette and a three-piece skirt having a side panel. As will be seen from the small back view, the new postillion panel is a feature of the garment. No. 5747 is cut in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. The 36-inch bust size requires $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 24-inch material, $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36 inches or $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches, with $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 24-inch contrasting goods, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch all-over for the chemisette. As pictured the costume is made of Russian blue ratine combined with black broadcloth braided with blue. Jet buttons add further embellishment, and several strands of jet beads give the effect of a girdle.

While the costume just described is dressy enough for calling or church, the coat toilette at the right is suitable for general wear, and is composed of No. 5725, Ladies' Coat in 32-inch length, and No. 5737, Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Striped tailor cloth, in two tones of gray, and No. 5729, Ladies' High-Waisted Tunic Skirt foulard.



No. 5746, Ladies' Shirt-Waist



No. 5725, Ladies' Thirty-Two-Inch Coat and No. 5737, Ladies' Tunic Skirt

Shirt-Waist, and No. 5729, Ladies' Tunic Skirt. The shirt-waist has a removable chemisette, and the sleeves may be made long or elbow length as preferred. It is cut in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. In the 36-inch bust size it requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 inches, or 2 yards 44 inches. For the chemisette will be required $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 18-inch all-over. The skirt, No. 5729, has the high Empire waist-line, and may be made with or without the back panel. It is provided with a five-gored foundation attached to a flounce and closes at the back. It is cut in five sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. With the panel the 24-inch waist size requires $8\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 24 inches wide, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50 inches wide. Without the panel will be required $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 inches wide, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50 inches. In the medium sizes it measures $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards about the lower edge.

This is a design which can be very effectively made of two materials, one being used for the under part of the skirt and for the cuffs and other facings of the waist, and the second material for the remainder. Plain and fancy linen or gingham can be used in this manner, also fancy woolen goods of light weight and plain satin, or plain and fancy



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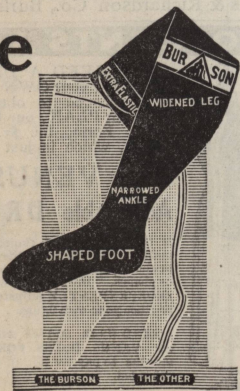
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Peerless Patterns for Ladies

Drawn Exclusively for The Housewife

Any pattern shown in these columns can be obtained from the nearest dealer in Peerless Patterns, or will be mailed postpaid from The Housewife Fashion Department on receipt of the price. Be sure to state size wanted. This is very important.

THE new panel waist is the first pattern pictured, this being No. 5724, combined with No. 5695, a four-gored skirt. The waist is cut in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. It closes at the left side of front and the sleeves may be long plain, or puff as pictured. With the puff sleeves it requires in 36-inch bust 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt, No. 5695, closes at the left side of back and the lower part of the seams may be left open or closed. It is in five sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents, and in the 24-inch waist size requires 4 3/8 yards of 36-inch goods. As pictured the costume is made of blue foulard, and white lace, and dark blue braiding supplies the trimming.

No. 5699 is an Empire dress with body and upper part of the sleeves cut in one. It has a removable chemisette and a two-piece skirt with front and back panel. This pattern



No. 5724, Ladies' Waist
No. 5695, Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt

is cut in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. In 36-inch bust size it requires 9 1/4 yards of material 24 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 36 inches, or 5 yards 44 inches. As pictured the dress is made of old-rose-and-white challis, the chemisette being of all-over lace, while bands of dark old-rose satin supply the trimming.

A very pretty and most simply constructed waist is No. 5743, a one-piece model closed at the back and made specially for development in bordered materials. The small view shows how pattern is to be laid on material and lace applied if bordered material is not used. The pattern is cut in small, medium and large size, price 15 cents, the medium size requiring 1 7/8 yards of 36-inch goods or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches. The skirt, No. 5723, is four-gored and closes at the left side of back. It is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. The 24-inch waist size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Both waist and skirt are here made of light gray cashmere, the waist having white lace appliques. The girdle and sash are of cerise satin.



No. 5699, Ladies' Empire Dress
with Two-Piece Skirt



No. 5743, Ladies' One-Piece Waist
No. 5723, Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt



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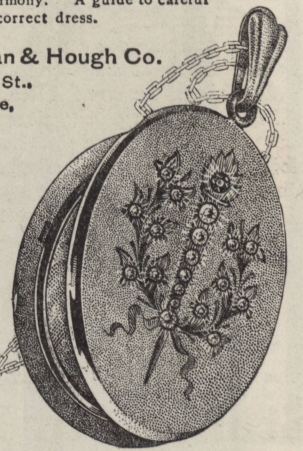
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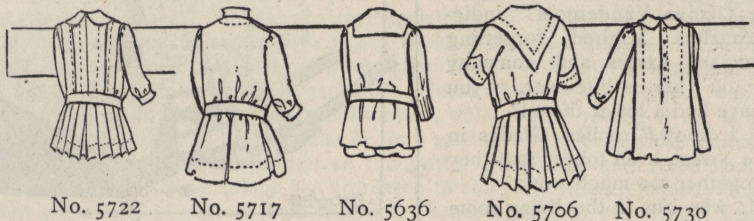
Peerless Patterns for Juveniles

Drawn Exclusively for The Housewife

Any pattern shown in these columns can be obtained from the nearest dealer in Peerless Patterns, or will be mailed postpaid from The Housewife Fashion Department on receipt of the price. Be sure to state size wanted. This is very important.



No. 5730 No. 5706 No. 5636 No. 5722 No. 5717



No. 5722 No. 5717 No. 5636 No. 5706 No. 5730

CHILDREN'S DRESS, No. 5730, is in three sizes, 1, 3 and 5 years, price 10 cents. The 3-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

Girls' Dress, No. 5706, having body and sleeves in one, is in four sizes, 6 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

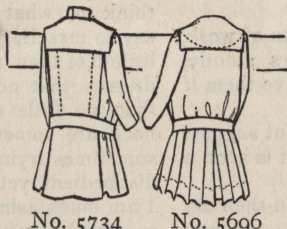
Boys' Russian Suit, No. 5636, is in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years, price 15 cents. The 4-year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Children's French Dress, No. 5722, is in four sizes, from 2 to 8 years, price 15 cents. It may have long or short sleeves, and the 8-year size requires 3

yards of material 36 inches in width. **Children's Dress, No. 5717,** closes at the left side of the front and is in five sizes from 4 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

Girls' Dress, No. 5734, closes at the front and has a removable chemisette. It is in four sizes from 6 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material.

Girls' Dress, No. 5696, consists of a blouse with sailor collar and long or short sleeves, and a skirt that may be plaited or gathered. It is cut in four sizes from 4 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch material.



No. 5734 No. 5696



No. 5734

No. 5696

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The Flaxon Girl

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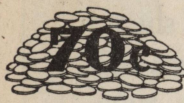
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This yarn is three-ply, soft, fine and flexible. So we can make the hose in the lightest weights. The cotton is long fibre, so the yarn is extra strong. We could buy common yarn for 30c a pound. "Holeproof," also made in heavier weights for cold weather comfort.

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A MOTHER'S LIFE WORK

PART IV.—Precious Little Work Makers

By Nellie Decker Vanderpool

MY three daughters are playing house. They are fearfully and wonderfully togged out in some of my cast-off finery with a total disregard for color and fit.

Gladys has arranged her dwelling in what we call our front bedroom, and Mildred has taken up her abode in the dining room with Muriel whom she has for her little girl. After they have rearranged the chairs and other small articles of furniture according to their different ideas and Mildred has put her best dishes on the small table, which is an elegant piece of furniture fashioned for them out of a dry-goods box by an obliging uncle, Mildred decides to take her little girl and make a fashionable call. So she brushes Muriel's curls and reties her hair-ribbon and they start out. After much knocking Gladys meets them at the door and very cordially asks them in. In the midst of the conversation that follows Mildred asks her hostess, "And how many children have you, Mrs. Miller?"

"Oh, I haven't any," returns Gladys in a very languid, ladylike tone, as if the subject wasn't worth discussing.

"Why, Gladys Vanderpool!" indignantly exclaims Mildred, forgetting both company names and company manners in her excitement, "you always have had a lot of them!"

"Yes, I know," replies Gladys in the same sweet, even tones, "but they make altogether too much work."

And I, who am in the living room busy with a bit of sewing, have much ado to keep from laughing aloud as I see Mildred's indignant face as she marches back to her own domains with an injured air, leading her oldest child by the hand and not even saying good-bye to the offending Mrs. Miller; for she had announced at the beginning of the conversation that she had eight children of whom Muriel aged four was the eldest; and as she told me afterward, when to save the wear and tear on little girls' dispositions I tried to make peace, that she didn't think Gladys was playing fair."

"Well, children do make lots of work, girls especially," asserts Gladys stoutly, "and I guess I don't have to have them if I don't want them!"

I do not argue the question, but suggest a game of hide-and-go-seek as it is such a nice afternoon.

So they put back the chairs in their accustomed places, put the best crockery back in its box, move the little table to its own corner, take off their trailing garments, get warmly wrapped up and are soon out-of-doors playing as happily as if they had never disagreed in their lives.

As I sit by the window watching them at their play and darning stockings of which there seems to be no end, I think of my tired feet and aching head, of the many clothes I have just finished ironing and laid away, and how they will all have to be washed over again next Monday, of the dress which must be finished for Gladys to wear to school to-morrow, of the dolly that Muriel wants mended and Doris' face which always seems to need washing, and I agree with Gladys that children are certainly "lots of work."

And that night after every one, excepting Muriel, who happened to take a long nap just before supper, is safely tucked in bed, and I am so weary that it does not seem possible for me to finish the work I must yet do before going to rest, I think of all I have had to do already this week and what is still waiting for me, forgetting how my good mother used to sing,

"Strength for to-day is all that we need,
For there never will be a to-morrow."

Before very long I feel a tear of self pity trickle down my cheek and I begin to wonder if life is worth living and decide that as soon as I get to bed I am going to

indulge in a good old-fashioned cry with all of the new-fashioned frills that I can introduce into it.

But just then Muriel, who at last wants to get ready for bed, comes to where I am sitting dejectedly wrestling with a big hole in the heel of my son's stocking, and puts her dear little face up against my cheek saying, "Don't cry, mama; have you got the stomach ache? I have, right in my neck." And I wake up to the fact that my daughter has a very sore throat which must have attention before I put her to bed. By the time I have her thoroughly doctored and made comfortable



"Don't cry, mama; have you got the stomach ache?"

I happen to remember a mother across the way who not long ago had a little one to work for but whose arms are empty now, and as I think of that silent home I feel very remorseful of the state of mind I have been indulging in all the evening; not that I have wished that I had no little ones, but I have been pitying myself as I thought of the hard work that I have to do to keep the home together. But now as I think of what might so easily happen I say to myself, "Better the patter of many little feet than none at all; better a dozen dresses that need to be made all at once than no little ones to clothe." My little flock are sometimes naughty, to be sure, sometimes trying, sometimes even wilfully disobedient, yet so loving and dear, withal, I am much ashamed of myself and decide to postpone my cry indefinitely.

Next morning, when I wake refreshed I am very glad I wasn't foolish enough to cry myself to sleep, thus totally unfitting myself for the next day's duties, for when I get started to cry my case somewhat resembles that of the old farmer and the

"You'll never start her! You'll never start her!" Then suddenly the car was speeding down the track and the farmer, astonished beyond measure, ran in excitement after it, calling at the top of his voice: "You'll never stop her! You'll never stop her!"

After all I am thankful to be able to work for my loved ones, thankful that God sends us rest in sleep, and for the thousand and one compensations that a life spent in the service of others surely has, and I gain new strength by repeating the words of Phillips Brooks which I know by heart:

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."

If a woman's time isn't occupied caring for a family she generally finds something else to do, and after all is said and done I do not believe that it is any harder to fashion a dress from pretty material than it is to spend the afternoon playing bridge or whist. I believe that I had just as soon initiate my daughter into the "Society of Good Bread Makers" as to make fashionable calls. I have an idea that I enjoy preparing a good meal, which every one appreciates, as well as I would preparing a rose tea or a violet luncheon for a crowd of society ladies who really care nothing for me. And I have more than an idea that it is a great deal more pleasure for me to hold my darling baby snugly in my arms and call her pet names than it would be bestowing the same caresses on a lap dog, however sleek and glossy he might be.

One afternoon, a few weeks before Muriel was born, I was visiting an old lady near our home. As I was getting ready to walk home she patted me gently on the shoulder and said, although I had not asked, or even hinted for sympathy: "Dear child, there are many worse things than having children."

It flashed across my mind how an ignorant neighbor of mine had made free to comment upon my condition, a few days before, saying that she did pity me; I had so many youngsters around already, and how I was righteously indignant and expressed my indignation in such a way that I don't believe she will ever pity me again if I have a baker's dozen.

But because the old lady was such a dear I didn't get a bit offended, only replied softly, "Yes indeed! I'm not grieving over it a bit." And on the way home,

and many times since I have thought over her words. Indeed there are many things a thousand times worse, for, feeling as I do, a sincere pity for the woman to whom God has denied little ones of her own, and loving children as I do, one thing much worse would be to have a home that was never filled with merry childish voices.

DON'T dampen the brush when arranging the little folks' hair these cold mornings. Ear and throat troubles often are started by damp curls or pigtails.

ATTACH the school mittens by tapes to the sleeves of the school coat, then there will be no "frosted fingers" because of mislaid hand protectors.

SHOW genuine interest in the reports of your child's school life, sent or brought you every week or every month. Be enthusiastic over the good ones; grieved over the bad ones. To the child the markings will assume just the value Mother or Father appears to consider them.

Crocheted auto caps can be transformed into hoods for school wear, the border being unrolled for half the circumference making the back of the hood, while tie strings will bring it snugly about the neck.



"And how many children have you, Mrs. Miller?"

trolley car. He lived some miles from a Western city and did not keep very well informed as to what was happening in the great world outside his farm, so had never seen a trolley line. Upon driving into town one morning he was told that a new line had been constructed and that the first car was to run that day; so he decided he would stay and see the performance. Upon reaching the scene of action he sized up proceedings and seeing no power to run the car kept shaking his head and saying,



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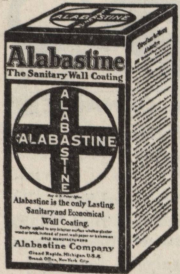
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Mothers' Realm

For All Who Have Little Folks

WEAK GENEROSITY

By Ethel Hallett Porter

SO-CALLED self-sacrifice is sometimes weakness in disguise. The woman who gives up too much for her children is not the wisest or the best mother, for while children's rights are much exploited nowadays, we must not forget that they have certain rights to spiritual experiences, which can only be learned through sacrifice, renunciation and voluntary generosity. And it requires more heroism on the mother's part to exact these things of her children than almost any other duty of motherhood. It is a grave mistake to think that only by practising these things herself, can she teach them to her children. It is only by being hurt by disappointments of our own, that we can learn to sympathize with such hurts in others, and unless we know such pain, we care very little about sparing it to others.

Most healthy children are generous enough regarding material things. Johnny will share his candy or his big red apple readily enough, but he is not so ready to give up his longing to play tag, when sister wants to play hide-and-seek. He will, perhaps, run errands with good grace, but on a rainy day it is harder to keep quiet so that baby may finish her nap. To share or to oblige is comparatively easy, but the nobler grace of yielding his "will" to oblige the rights of another, is something we have to teach him, and to exact of him.

It is beautifully significant that children love a certain kind of preaching, given, of course, in small doses. Simple abstract questions of right and wrong generally interest them, and set the active little minds working on moral matters. It is for their broadest and best good that such food for spiritual growth be given them, and all too often, this phase of child-rearing is neglected. Just as Johnny must learn a wholesome respect for law, as invested in father and mother, while he is young, if he is to be a law-abiding citizen later in life, so must he, in a spiritual way, learn while a small boy, the gratification, even the exaltation of thoughtful generosity and self-denial. The mother who neglects these things has no reason to complain when Marjorie, at sixteen, does not voluntarily stay away from the picnic because mother has a sick headache, and someone will have to get dinner for father and the boys. For she, who always considers her children first, must some day awake to the fact that they so consider themselves, and it is then that she realizes all too late how completely she has fallen a victim to her own weak generosity.

WHY WILLIE HAD A RELAPSE

By S. D. Gardiner.

On the road to Welltown
Doctor set him straight.
What the small boy most dislikes
Is just this hungry wait.
His ma goes for an airing,
Cook says she'll "watch the bye,"
And to his eager pleadings
She yields a piece of pie.

Then Gran'ma smuggles cookies
To please her "dearest lad,"
Who knows that Gran'ma's baking
Is best that can be had.

Then Auntie brings in pudding,
Says "This is surely nice,
"I think that little Willie
Might eat a tiny slice."

And even toddling Susie
Opens door so handy,
Calls on "Bruver Willie,"
And shares with him her candy.

No wonder Ma home coming
Should find her patient groaning.
"Our Willie's had a relapse
She's to the Doctor 'phoning.

THE CHILD'S LANGUAGE.

By Bertha A. DeMotte.

EACH person inherits physical organs of speech and a disposition to communicate. Long before imitation begins, the baby utters a great variety of sounds in the cradle, even when alone. But no great advance can be made without hearing and imitating others in acts of speech.

Beginning with inarticulate cries of pain, hunger and loneliness, the infant advances in its first years to acquire the product of race struggles of centuries. With the assistance of the social experience of the home, the baby leaps aeons while it is learning by imitation. It hears the language of the house—the "mother tongue," as stated by Henderson.

At first the child unconsciously imitates what he hears, then later he discovers that sounds convey meanings and he consciously imitates those about him. The mother, father, sister and brother all become his teachers, for now he is imitating them. If they use good English and nothing but good English, he forms the habit of using good English.

We all notice a difference in the speech of little folks that hear the different members of the family use good language and that of little ones where the older ones use "baby talk" when talking with them. Isn't it far better to say "Come, sweetheart, do you love mamma?" than "Come, tweety, does 'ou 'ove 'ou mamma?" or some other gibberish.

Remember the child is imitating and forming habits of speech. Had he not just as well to learn to use "you" as well as "oo," and to learn the proper use of the parts of speech by using them correctly.

When he comes to school age he will more readily grasp the meaning of pure speech and does not have to overcome a habit which the fond parents have helped him form.

We do not make a mistake because we do not know better, but merely because we are careless or thoughtless. We drop the final "g" in words ending in "ing," saying "mornin'," etc., and a child will have a habit of doing the same thing when he goes to school. He will see that he will have to overcome this habit and it is hard for him to do, because his habit has almost become second nature and is hard to lay aside.

There is no excuse for us using "aint" or "haint," but they are used frequently. "Don't" is abused in its use so often with the singular nominative nouns. There are so many little incorrect forms of words or parts of speech that we use, that our children get into the habit of using them by imitation.

Let us resolve to make it easy as possible for the child to get its education by making a good foundation for him to build on and watch to see that we use language that he will do well to imitate and get into the habit of using properly.

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Twelve Jars of Jam

Continued from page 5

whereat the enraged lover, reaching an apoplectic shade, caught up his hat and the jam from the parlor table and stamped his way out.

"He will never forgive me," she moaned, thinking of the impossibility of seeing the contents of that jar rather than of the loss of an undesired suitor. When she explained to Mrs. Downing what had happened, the widow shut her mouth with a snap, but said nothing.

Jar number three was as barren of anything but its supposed contents as the previous ones. As she concealed it again in her room late that night, she felt a conviction that what she so earnestly hunted was in the possession of Henry Todd. She was as pale as she was unhappy when she came down early the next morning, and the widow's sharp eyes filmed with pity.

"I forgot to get that tonic at Burton, Grace. After breakfast—or you might wait until mail-time, I guess, for the Corporal will be too tired to-night to go in after having all day—you better walk to the village and see Dr. James."

The effect was instantaneous, for Grace had been afraid of creating suspicion by going after the mail in the mornings. The Corporal strolled into Cherryvale every evening, but the suspense of waiting and the fear that her mother would ask the writer's name if the letter did come, had worn on Grace. Almost cheerfully she started away, with hope retinting her cheeks.

As she turned from the shady lane into the road she encountered Henry, who was riding. He stopped his horse, looked at her strangely and opened his mouth as if to tell her something. Evidently he changed his mind; for with a mumbled "Mornin'" he passed on.

Her velvet cheeks lost their pinkness. She was certain Henry had found the lost article. Oh! was he going to show her mother? She was tempted not to return. But one look into the tiny purse convinced her of the folly of flight with not enough money to carry her to the city. At the post-office disappointment awaited her. She was glad Doctor James was not in, for how could he cure a breaking heart?

She appeared so lifeless and weak, upon reaching home, that her mother put her to bed and sat down beside her. It was an unprecedented attention and rather unwelcome, since it gave the girl no opportunity to put back jar number three. That night the mother slept on the couch near Grace.

After a few days, without a letter and with no word from Henry Todd, Grace could no longer bear the inaction, so she dressed herself while her mother was preparing dinner and made her appearance at the table, affecting a lightness of spirit. The widow appeared relieved.

"I'm glad to see you better, Grace. Gertie Willis was here this morning, begging for the Methodist supper Saturday night. You were asleep, so I didn't let her go up. She wanted us to bake a cake; but with you sick and only Friday and Saturday in which to churn, sweep and put up a bushel of prunes Henry Todd brought over, I told her we couldn't do it. So I gave her a jar of jam, instead."

"Not the blackberry?" Grace faintly asked, while her imagination pictured the scene at the village supper if she had given away the one.

"Why, yes. I didn't want to give a quart, nor any but my best, so I had to give that, since they are the only pints I have."

Grace insisted on helping, carrying food to the shelf in the cellar and finding that the last donation of jam was number seven, her mother having taken the first one in the front row, she grew gayer, remembering that she must appear well enough to go to the supper. Perhaps she could help serve and might examine the jam as she passed it. She talked so much about going that her mother was openly pleased.

"I'll send word to Henry by the Corporal that he can call for you. When he brought the prunes he spoke about the supper, but I told him you weren't feeling well enough to go."

"I can't go with him. Did he ask me?"

"Not exactly, but of course that was what he wanted. He never takes anyone else. Why can't you go? I can't spare the time to take you, and if you don't go with Henry, you don't go at all. Why can't you go?" again she demanded.

"I guess I can," answered Grace, taking the only road open.

Corporal Brown carried her acceptance, a formal little note, and on Saturday evening Henry called for her. Besides the curious new look she had observed before, he had a guilty manner, as if, Grace reasoned, he were in possession of something not his own.

Conversation, at no time an easy and light-some matter between them, lagged woefully, yet the painful silence seemed full of accusing words. Henry was less talkative than usual and when he did speak in answer to Grace, he was constrained and uneasy. His manner so plainly confirmed the girl's suspicions that she was inclined to tell him the truth and appeal to his friendship and generosity. Habitual timidity prevented; and they both sighed in relief when they reached the public hall where tables were all ready for the church sociable.

Gertie Willis, a neutral-tinted, talkative blonde with large eyes of palest blue, met them at the door. She and Grace had been more or less intimate for ten years. She, too, appeared constrained, although she tried to cover it with a continuous conversation. Did she, Grace asked herself, exchange significant glances with

Henry? What did she know or suspect? Drawing Gertie to one side, Grace went to the root of her desire.

"Tell me, Gertie,—I have a special reason for asking—when you last saw Henry Todd?"

Gertie's light eyes shifted, although she laughed. "A minute ago."

"Do tell me. You know what I mean," pleaded Grace.

"Well, Wednesday night, then, when he came over to my house, if you must know. He came to tell me something." She appeared so important and yet so guilty that Grace's heart sank in confirmation of her fears.

"Gertie, will you tell me—oh! please, please do—if he has found anything lately? It's something that belongs to me and that I'd give anything to get back. I must have it. I can't ask him, but you and I have been such good friends that you'll tell me if he has it."

A dull red colored Gertie's face, while her pale eyes grew larger. "What makes you think he'd tell me? But he hasn't—yet."

"Oh! thank you, Gertie. I'll tell you why some time, but I can't now." Relief sounded in Grace's words, but her mind was not wholly free. Henry had not told and it was possible that she imagined his changed manner. If it were not yet discovered, the lost article was not in his jar, for, knowing Henry, she also knew that the sweet was beyond recall. She determined to ask him on the way home.

Turning to Gertie, who was animatedly chattering to Henry, she noted with astonishment that he was at ease and enjoying himself. Occasionally he hissed a reply, for he had not become accustomed to one tooth less, but it furnished no amusement for his entertainer. An amazing idea dropped into Grace's mind and bore instantaneous fruit. Henry would be angry with her at first, but what matter? She would, nevertheless, accomplish two objects.

"You were going to wait on the table, weren't you, Gertie?" She had noticed the be-ruffled apron. "Suppose you go to supper with Henry and let me take your place. I'd just love to."

She was unprepared for the readiness with which both accepted her proposal. It was so amazing as to be suspicious and Grace recalled her mother's warning against anyone with such pale eyes as Gertie's. Perhaps Gertie had deceived her and Henry had already told her of his find.

The tables were filling rapidly and there came a call for her services. But first she discovered number seven, unopened, at the foot of one of the long tables. She seized it eagerly, removed the top and looked for a plate. None being available, she disregarded instructions to "set it down anywhere an' let everybody help themselves an' for goodness' sake, take in the coffee." Without once relinquishing it, she made the rounds of the tables, depositing skimpy teaspoonfuls of jam on the plates of those desiring until the jam was gone. Again her quest had been unsuccessful.

Her plan to confess to Henry on the way home and ask him outright if he did or did not possess what she had lost was frustrated in a surprising manner. Having remained by Gertie all the evening, he came to Grace when people were beginning to wander off in couples.

"If it's all the same to you,"—she was astonished at his changed attitude, as if, she thought with a sinking heart, she were somehow in his power—"I'll walk home with Gertie and the Corporal can take you."

"That will be agreeable to me," she answered, rather relieved that, for the time being, she would not need to share her secret, yet fearing he already knew it. She smiled to see one of her plans taking root.

The Corporal blossomed under the unexpected opportunity. Usually he was taciturn. In the year she had known him, none but the most meagre details of his life had escaped him. But during the mile walk, so conversational did he become, Grace formed an opinion that his loquacity was not due entirely to the coffee served by the Ladies' Aid Society.

"Yes," he rambled on, "I've served my country. Give it four good years as a marine. When I quit the navy I was in the list of non-commissioned officers, but I'd had enough an' seen all I wanted to. Seems to me I'd like to settle down now if I could find the right kind of a woman—one not 'oo young an' a good manager. A man ain't no 'count 'less he's managed. Er—"bout how old is your ma?"

Grace choked back a laugh to answer.

"Forty-four. I'm afraid if she wished to marry again, that she is too old for you."

"That's pretty old," the Corporal agreed with a sigh, "but she's a master manager."

"You say you were in the navy?" the girl suddenly asked. "What kind of young men are the sailors?"

"Oh, they average up pretty well. Kinder wild, some of 'em, but good-hearted; in for a good time when they strike port."

"Do they—are they—much given to love-making?" Grace was glad the darkness hid her flaming cheeks.

"Sure. You've heard about their havin' a sweetheart in every port? Well, it's true. Why I once knew a feller—"

Her attention was elsewhere. So it was true. She had merely furnished ten days' amusement for one who had thought so little of her afterward that he had not written. His "good time" made her tragedy. More than ever she felt the importance of the one bit of evidence which she could lay before her mother at the time of reckoning.

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When Fresh Fish is Scarce

By Marion Masterson



Kippered Herring

KIPPERED HERRING as a Breakfast Dish.—If the kind that comes in a can is used drain off the liquid, turn out the fish on a large platter, arranging them neatly so that each appears as a whole fish, then pepper, and place in a hot oven for five minutes. Serve with fresh bread that has been pulled into pieces about the size of breakfast biscuit and crisped in the oven until the edges are brown.

Kippered Herring for Lunch or Tea.—Drain, break into small pieces with a fork, and cover with hot vinegar which has been brought to the boiling point with whole cloves, pepper corns, a few bits of mace and a small piece of butter. Keep the fish tightly covered after pouring the vinegar over it, and it will be ready to eat in five or six hours.

Canned Salmon Molds with Horseradish Sauce.—Pick the contents of a pound can of salmon fine, discarding bits of bone and skin and draining off the liquid. Add half a cupful of bread crumbs, using only the soft part of the loaf, and half a cupful of cream. Beat well, then flavor with salt, pepper and lemon juice, and finally add the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into buttered custard cups or earthenware mousseline molds and steam for half an hour, then turn out on heated individual fish plates, put at one side of the plate a small boiled potato or several potato balls—that is balls cut from the raw potato and boiled until done in salt and water, and pour over all a sauce made by cooking the juice of one lemon, a cupful of boiling water, the oil drained from the salmon, and a tablespoonful of flour, season with salt and white pepper, and finally stir in a tablespoonful of fresh horseradish.

Scalloped Cod.—For this use the freshened salt cod. Make a white sauce by cooking together a tablespoonful of flour with a tablespoonful of butter, thinning to the consistency of cream with milk. Mix this thoroughly with a half pound of freshened and shredded salt cod. Add one well-beaten egg or the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, crumbling the latter before mixing. The mixture should be about as thick as for a bread pudding, not as stiff as for croquettes, and if the hard-boiled eggs are used the white of one raw egg should be beaten stiff and whipped in last of all, then pour in ramekins, sprinkle the top of each with buttered bread crumbs and bake until of an appetizing brown. At serving time sprinkle in the center of each minced parsley.

Cod Omelet.—Use the flakes for this, combining with them an equal quantity of freshly boiled potatoes, and adding for each small sized can a small finely-chopped onion and butter the size of a walnut. If the flavor of onion is not liked a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley may be substituted. Have ready boiled potato balls, boiled beets and two or more hard-boiled eggs—the last should be boiled for at least fifteen minutes. Fry some fat salt pork in an iron spider and when the fat is well extracted pour in the potato and codfish mixture, flattening it with the blade of a knife. Cook slowly so that the brown crust will form, then carefully turn

one half over the other as for an omelet, and turn out on a large platter. Around the omelet arrange alternate piles of beet slices and potato balls, separated by lengthwise sections of the hard-boiled eggs.

Cod Flake Chowder.—Fry six slices of fat pork until brown and crisp then chop in small pieces and put a layer of it in an iron or granite pot with the fat that has fried out. Put in next a layer of cod flakes. Next a layer of chopped onions mixed with chopped parsley and sprinkle with a little Summer savory and pepper. A layer of split pilot crackers comes next; these if very hard should be moistened slightly with hot milk or water. Repeat the layers until all the ingredients are used, ending with a layer of moistened and buttered crackers. Pour in enough cold water to cover, put on the pot lid and simmer slowly for an hour, replenishing the water if it boils below the top layer. When done remove the thick portion of the chowder to the tureen with a skimmer, and thicken the liquid with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed with one of butter.

Salt Cod Fritters.—Use the whole salt cod for these, selecting a fine thick white piece. About a pound will make two dozen fritters. Pick fine and cover with cold water which bring to the boil. Pour this off, add a second supply of cold water and after bringing to the boiling point simmer for fifteen minutes, then drain and let cool. Make a batter of a pint of milk, two eggs, a tiny pinch of salt and enough flour with which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed to make a thick batter. Stir the fish in this and fry quickly in hot lard or drippings. Serve with garnishing of hard-boiled eggs.

Cod Turbot.—This can be made with either the salt cod or the fresh cod flakes. Flake whichever fish is used, if it is the salt cod it must be freshened and simmered for fifteen minutes first. Make a cream by cooking together three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour and a pint of milk. Let cool then add two well-beaten eggs. Season with a little finely minced parsley or onion. Put the fish and cream sauce in alternate layers in a baking dish, cover the top thickly with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown. Serve in the baking dish.

Codfish Rarebits.—Use either salt cod freshened and picked into fine bits, or the freshened shredded codfish or the cod flakes which do not require previous preparation. Have ready as many circular or triangular slices of buttered toast as there are people to be served. Melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter in the skillet and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, then add a cupful of rich milk and stir until smooth when add the fish of which there should be a large cupful. Simmer for three minutes, remove from the fire and add a large tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, or thinly sliced dairy cheese and a little salt, also a shake of cayenne. Stir well until the cheese is melted, and when just ready to serve whip in quickly the well-beaten yolk of one egg. This should be served at once, poured over the toast.



Scalloped Cod



Wheat or Rice Toasted and Exploded

(Prof. Anderson's Invention)

These curious foods—so immensely enticing—have had a remarkable history.

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He was trying, as men have for ages, to break up the millions of food granules. That's essential to digestion.

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The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains come out shaped just as they were before.

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Puffed Rice, 15c *Extreme*
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The crisp grains taste much like toasted nuts. They are used like nuts in candy-making, in frosting cake, in garnishing ice cream.

They are so delightful that people are eating 22,000,000 dishes per month. And others begin as fast as they find the foods out.

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Sole Makers—Chicago



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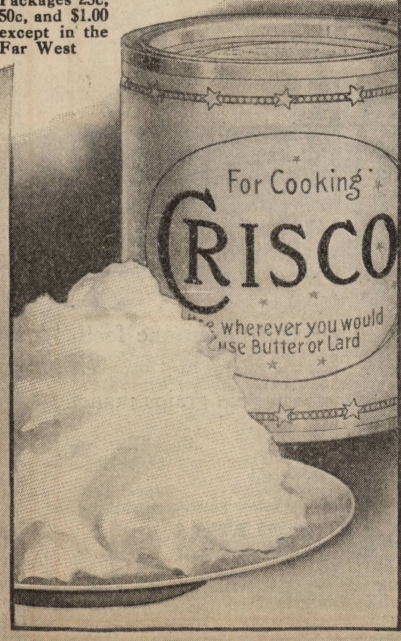
This is equally true with fish. You can fry any kind of fish, smoked or fresh, in Crisco and afterwards use the same Crisco for frying any other food, without imparting to it the slightest fish flavor. By straining Crisco you can use and re-use it. This one advantage alone makes the use of Crisco a decided economy.

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The Cheaper Cuts of Meat

By Antoinette Williams



Flank Steak Before Stuffing

FLANK ROAST.—Flank of beef costs from eight to twelve cents a pound and there is no bone and very little fat to be deducted from the actual nourishing portion. Two pounds will be sufficient for a small family, but as the roast is as good sliced cold as when first cooked one should buy more than will be consumed at one meal. The piece of meat will be flat and about half an inch thick. Make a stuffing of either freshly boiled and mashed potatoes and chopped raw onions, seasoning with pepper and salt as for duck, or else a bread-crumbs stuffing moistened with melted butter and seasoned with sage or summer savory. Spread either stuffing on the meat, then roll up, fastening with skewers or tying with white cord. Skewer over the ends also so the stuffing will not swell out. Flour the outside of the roll and put in the roaster with a few bits of suet. Do not put on the roaster cover at first but cook the roll in a very hot oven for five or six minutes—until the suet begins to fry out, then pour in the pan half a cupful of boiling water, shake salt and pepper over the meat, put on the cover and bake for fifteen minutes for every pound of beef if it is wanted rare, or for at least an hour if it is to be well done all through. When ready remove from pan to hot platter, stir flour in the juice in the pan—about a level tablespoonful is sufficient—then add hot water with constant stirring until gravy is of the desired consistency. Flank cuts also make delicious stews but should be cooked very slowly.

Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb or Mutton.—This cut of meat costs from ten to fourteen cents a pound but the bone is weighed in along with the meat. Three pounds, including the bone, will make a large enough piece for a family of four or five. Ask the butcher to prepare the shoulder for stuffing and he will take out not only the large shoulder bone but any of the rib bones that may be included in the cut and make a pocket in which stuffing of bread and butter seasoned with pepper and salt may be packed. Close up with skewers or by sewing with cord; flour and place in the steamer, covering closely. Steam for an hour, then place in the pan with the meat peeled white turnips, cut in halves if large, and scraped carrots. Steam for half an hour, then add peeled potatoes and onions and steam again for an hour. Place meat in platter and the vegetables in separate dishes, then thicken with flour the small quantity of liquid that will be in the steaming pan, and pour over the meat. Stuffed shoulder of mutton may also be roasted with peeled and halved potatoes put around it after it has roasted for half

an hour, then the roasting continued for three-quarters of an hour when all will be done.

Roast Breast of Lamb.—This cut is usually ten cents a pound. It is nearly all bone but the meat part is of delicious flavor although rather fat. Rub both sides of the meat with flour, pepper and salt, then put it in the roaster and let cook for ten minutes in a hot oven, after which add a little boiling water and cover closely. About half an hour will cook the meat thoroughly. It should be rather crisp. Remove to a hot platter, make a brown gravy in the usual way with the juice, and serve with canned peas or string beans and mint sauce. Or put the lamb in the roaster, cook for ten minutes, then slice over it peeled carrots and a turnip, add boiling water and cook fifteen minutes, then add thick slices of peeled potato and a few small white onions, cover and finish roasting.

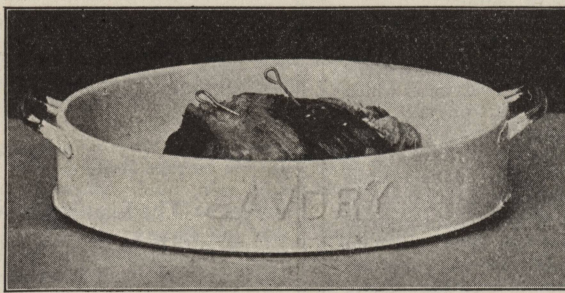
Spiced Brisket of Beef.—This cut costs about eight to ten cents a pound. As the spiced beef will keep for a week or more in cold

weather get five pounds of meat, have all bones removed, wipe clean, then sprinkle with pepper and salt, a little powdered cloves and some celery seed, then roll up tight, skewer or tie, cover with hot

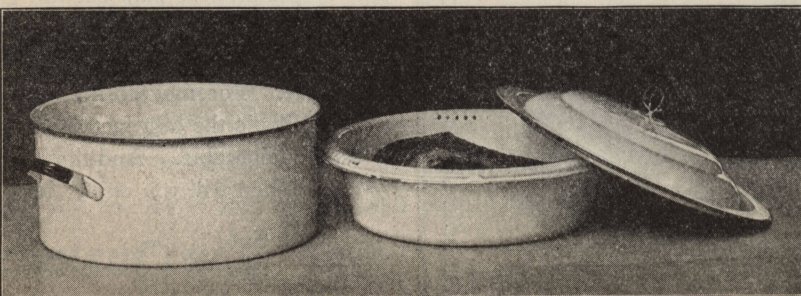
water in the roaster, put on the lid and cook very slowly for four hours. Remove the meat, take off the strings or skewers, thicken the gravy with browned flour and add to it either a cupful of canned tomatoes or three tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup. Boil all together for a minute then pour the gravy over the meat.

Flank Steak Spanish Style.—Get three pounds of the beef, cut in two-inch squares and cook for a few minutes in suet, then add four onions peeled and cut in slices. Cover the skillet closely and let cook for ten minutes when pour over all two cupfuls of canned tomatoes and add two sweet peppers cut in strips and the seeds removed. Cover again and let cook slowly for half an hour, when remove the meat to a platter and thicken the gravy with flour. Serve with boiled rice or plain boiled macaroni.

Savory Beef Loaf.—For this any of the cheapest cuts of lean meat can be used, for they must be passed through the meat chopper and ground as fine as possible. To two pounds of the chopped meat add a cupful of cracker dust powdered freshly from soda crackers, also two tablespoonfuls of softened not melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two raw eggs, half a grated nutmeg, two level teaspoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper and one of sweet marjoram. Mix the whole thoroughly, then make into two loaves, put in roasting pan, rub with



Flank Steak Stuffed and Ready to Roast



Use a Steamer for Shoulder of Mutton



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butter or put strips of fat pork over the top, and add a little water to the pan. Cover, then bake slowly for an hour and a half. The loaves should be firm and brown.

Shepherd's Pie.—The cheapest cuts of lean beef or mutton or veal can be used for this, or left-over lean cooked meat may be used. Pass through the meat chopper, then season with pepper and salt, and either chopped onion or a little sweet marjoram or sage. Line a well-buttered earthenware baking dish with mashed potatoes or cold boiled rice, making a wall at least three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Pack the seasoned meat in this, then pour in a tablespoonful of melted butter and the same of hot water. Cover with a layer of the rice or potato, dot with butter and bake slowly for half an hour if cooked meat is used, or an hour for uncooked meat. At serving time turn out carefully on a hot platter and have as an accompaniment stewed tomatoes.

Pork and Sauerkraut.—Get a pork back bone and have it broken in small pieces so that it can be readily served. Put in the roaster and cover with two-inch layer of sauerkraut; put on the lid and cook in oven for an hour and a half, when remove lid and drop in dumplings made of two eggs, half a cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to make a very thick batter. Drop by tablespoonfuls on the sauerkraut, cover the roaster and bake for ten minutes longer.

English Beef Pudding.—Use for this two pounds of either flank or rump. Cut in two-inch squares, and peel, wash and slice five good-sized potatoes. Butter a pudding dish or the inside vessel of the savory steamer and line with rich biscuit dough or a dough such as would be used for apple dumplings, then put in a layer of the meat, season with pepper, salt, a little grated nutmeg and a tablespoonful of chopped onion. Next put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, and repeat until the ingredients are all used up, when pour in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce mixed with half a cupful of beef broth or boiling water. Cover the top with the dough, put on the steamer lid and put the dish holding the pudding over the steamerful of boiling water, which keep bubbling for three hours, replenishing as may be required from the teakettle, for the boiling must not stop. If the steamer is

not used, the pudding dish, after the top of dough is put on, must be tied up closely in a thick cloth and put in a boiler of boiling water and contents cooked for two and a half hours.

Baked Beef Heart.—A heart costs from fifteen to twenty-five cents, and is sufficient for at least two meals for a family of five or six, also it is as good cold as hot, so makes a fine dish to have on hand for supper or lunch. Lay the heart in cold well-salted water for an hour, then wash it well in clear cold water and wipe as dry as possible. When washing it be sure to go thoroughly into all the cavities. Make a stuffing of a coffee-cupful of grated bread crumbs seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and with half a teaspoonful each of sweet marjoram and sage. Add one small onion chopped fine, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a piece of butter the size of an egg, this being melted after measuring, and mix all thoroughly, finally adding a beaten egg. Make two cuts in the heart, one lengthwise and one crosswise, this opening the center which fill as closely as possible with the stuffing, after which skewer the cut edges together, rub the outer surface with pepper, salt and flour, and set in a hot oven in a baking pan with a little boiling water. When the heart begins to cook baste frequently with melted butter thinned with a little hot water. Bake for an hour or longer if the heart is a large one. When done remove to a hot platter, add to the gravy in the pan two tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, thicken with flour, adding a little boiling water if there is not much liquid in the pan, boil up and pour over the heart.

Roast Liver.—This is a favorite German dish but is not very well known to others. Either a beef or a calf liver can be used, but the former will cost much less. Wash the liver well in salted water, wipe dry, then make a long deep slit in the side which stuff with a dressing made of bread crumbs, chopped fat pork, onion and a raw egg. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Better tie the liver opening together for it is too tender to skewer, then lay thin slices of fat pork over it, put in the roaster with half a cupful of boiling water which may be added to it if it boils away, and bake with frequent basting for about three-quarters of an hour. Thicken the gravy with flour.

KITCHEN THRIFT

By V. A. Lucier

A SATISFYING meal must have at least one dish relished by all of the family, if it be only a pan of hot biscuits.

To-day's dinner need not consist of heavy foods only, and to-morrow's of nick-nacks. There should be a solid dish besides the meat, one or two appetizing vegetables, a salad or fruit either fresh or stewed, and a simple dessert.

Soups are economical, tasty, and wholesome. Ring the changes on bean, tomato, vegetable, potato, and meat soup. Vary the seasoning in these. A chopped onion added at the last moment transforms bean soup. Green peppers, parsley, celery, or mint, can be used to give variety to beef soup. By-the-way, a pot of parsley will flourish all Winter long in the kitchen window to furnish flavor for the soup and gravy. Dry bread cut into cubes and toasted in the oven, a handful of oat meal or barley meal, a little rice, or broken macaroni can be added to thicken soup.

Boiled meat gives the greatest result. Fried or roasted meats shrink much in bulk. Stews are cheap and nourishing. Liver, kidneys and heart are cheap changes from the more usual meats. When cooking steak, save the bones and trimmings. Stew these well and use the resulting meat liquor to cook rice or macaroni. The wing pieces, back and giblets of a chicken, can also be utilized thus. To vary the useful dish of hash, try mincing an onion, beating up several eggs according to size of family, mixing in cold meat scraps ground fine, and frying the whole as an omelette. Do not fry the onion first. Incidentally, the eggs make the meat go farther. Left over corn can be augmented after a similar fashion with or without the onion. If eggs are high-priced, use milk and half the number will suffice.

When planning your meals, make allowance for the "left-overs." A can of corn should be opened on bean day that succotash may result for supper. When making tomato soup, cook macaroni also to use the extra tomatoes. Macaroni can also follow the boiled beef dinner to assimilate the cold soup and scraps of meat. The dish of cold mashed potatoes may be generous to provide potato balls for supper and breakfast. Cold mashed potatoes can be seasoned with milk and butter, covered with a pie crust, and baked in a pudding-dish in a quick oven for supper. The remains of a stew can be

similarly transformed into a savory meat pie. The cold boiled rice from supper may furnish the breakfast rice cakes; or it may be made into pudding for dinner. It can also be mixed with cold boiled ham ground fine, seasoned with butter and pepper and baked ten minutes in a quick oven. This is a good way to use the very lower end of a ham. The ham bones and rind help the flavor of the bean-pot.

Potatoes have but small food value. Thrift will often substitute rice, beans, and macaroni as being cheaper and more nourishing. Corn meal is nutritious and economical. Whether used in the breakfast cakes, the noon-day bread, or the supper mush, it is always a standard dish.

Often canned vegetables cost less than fresh. If possible, buy a box of one kind this month, and a case of another next month. You not only get better prices by purchasing in bulk, but always have what you want when company comes unexpectedly. However, there are few tricks of the trade in making the most of the vegetable supply. When putting on cabbage, set aside a portion uncooked to shred into tomorrow's soup. Carrots are usually reasonable in price. Split the raw cleaned carrots lengthwise and lay in a frying pan with about enough grease to fry potatoes. When browned, add water, salt and pepper, and simmer until tender. Green squash or pumpkin can be cooked in the same way.

Dried fruits are the cheapest. By adding the juice from a can of plums to insure its setting, good jelly can be made from the syrup of stewed dried fruits. If you must buy canned fruits, get the gallon size. The price is much more reasonable, and you can seal up what is left over in your own jars.

By baking bread at home, you cut the bread bill in two, besides having flour free for cakes, pies, and gravies. Plan your bread supply to have an old loaf to spare for French toast. Instead of dipping the slices of bread into beaten egg thinned with milk before frying, you can use instead thin, sweetened batter dough. When mixing bread, allow for a pan of cinnamon rolls for the children.

Plain cake can be shortened with the fryings from ham or bacon. To make dark cake moist, add the syrup from stewed fruit instead of milk. A layer cake can have a filling of corn starch instead of jelly.

For the final word, cook everything thoroughly, avoid greasiness, and vary menu.

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of My Incubators

1, 2 or 3 Month's Home Test

I HAVE the proof that it will hatch more eggs than any machine made, sold at anywhere near the price. I want to prove this to you in your own home. Will you be one of the fortunate tryers of my

WORLD'S CHAMPION
Belle City Incubators
140-Egg Size Only \$7.55

I guarantee my machine to out-hatch all comers, give you a long trial, prove all claims. Why pay more? Why not save money and get in the championship class?

The Belle City has double walls, dead air space all over, double door, copper tank, hot-water heat, self-regulator, "Tycoos" thermometer, egg tester, safety lamp, nursery, high legs. My

Belle City Brooder

is the only double-wall brooder made, hot water heat, platform, and metal lamp. Price \$4.85.

When shipped together I make a special price of \$11.50 for both Incubator and Brooder saving you 90c on the Complete Outfit. Freight prepaid, East of Rockies. Better write today for big Portfolio "Hatching Facts" and get latest information how to make money out of poultry at small expense, or if in a hurry you can order from this advertisement. I guarantee everything as represented or refund money. Address me personally, JIM ROHAN, Pres.



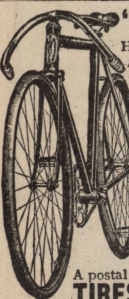
\$4.85

Belle City Incubator Company
Box 83 Racine, Wis.

EARN DRESS PATTERN



This pretty new house dress is the most practical and attractive house dress that can be worn this season. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, requires 6½ yards material. Gingham, chambray, percale and lawn are excellent materials for house wear; use soft silk and light-weight woolen for street wear. To quickly introduce our big home magazine of fancy work, household hints, good stories and many other special features, we make this liberal offer good only 20 days: Send 10 cts for trial 3-months' subscription and enclose names of five housekeepers and we will send you this popular dress pattern free. Be sure to give size, also, and what dress pattern No. 4650. Address at once, **HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, Pattern Dept. 29, Topeka, Kan.**



"RANGER" BICYCLES
Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 5 yrs.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$6.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer.

A postal brings everything. Write it now, **Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, tires, parts, and sundries half usual prices.** Rider Agents everywhere are coming money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-8 CHICAGO

Work at Home

Weaving Rugs and Carpet

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

\$4 a Day
Easily Made

We start men and women in a profitable business on a small investment. Write quick for prices and Loom Book.

REED MFG. CO.
Box G, Springfield, Ohio

Dress Pattern Given

THIS simple, pretty, stylish house or street-dress is just what every housewife is looking for. In the picture it has the popular turnover collar, but the pattern is also perforated so as to allow a Dutch neck, if that is desired. The closing is placed at the left side of the panel-front. Gingham, percale, linen, pongee, serge, or cheviot are all suitable materials for this becoming costume. The pattern comes in sizes from 32 to 42 bust measure. To make the dress in the medium size will require 6½ yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. To introduce The American Woman, our great story, fancy-work and fashion paper into homes where it is not now received, we will send it 3 months on trial for only 10 cents, and will send you, free and post-paid, this latest dress-pattern. Be sure and tell your size in ordering, and ask for dress-pattern No. 5435. We will also send you our 34-page fashion-book, "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker," showing accurately illustrated descriptions



for the latest styles for ladies and children, with valuable lessons and instructions for the home dress-maker. This book tells you how to make everything you wear, from a corset-cover to a full street costume. We will also send our 24-page "Illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Work and Embroidery Designs" showing over 250 patterns of articles interesting to every needlewoman. There are also directions for doing all the new, as well as the old, fancy-work stitches. These books have cost thousands of dollars to print, and we give them to you free.

Just think! For only 10 cents you can get The American Woman for 3 months; this attractive dress-pattern; and two great books worth many dollars to every woman who sews. Address

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Dept. 53, Augusta, Maine.

THE HOUSEWIVES' CIRCLE

All Around the House

FRESHENING the Home Plants.—I wash my house plants once a week. I take them all out into the kitchen, place as many as possible in a large tub, without crowding; fill a garden sprinkler with water, with chill taken off, and sprinkle thoroughly every leaf. Let stand and drain for an hour or so. Do not place in sun for some time. They will look so nice and fresh, it well pays for the trouble.

Mrs. R. B., of Minnesota.

The Useful Play Broom.—So many pieces of furniture are made so low to the floor that it is difficult to sweep under them, and they are too heavy to move each time one sweeps. A little broom, such as those that are made for little girls, are just the thing for sweeping out such places.

Mrs. A. D., of Indiana.

The Automatic Flower Irrigator.—I recently saw some beautiful hanging baskets in a friend's handsome city home. When I asked her how she ever kept them watered without ruining her floors from effect of water dripping or running over she parted the foliage and showed me a small funnel with a sponge in it, sunk in the center of each. This was daily filled with water which gradually soaked into the soil.

M. C. D. S., of Colorado.

An Item for the Chicken Owner.—I cover the white china nest-eggs with pieces of worn white summer undervests; they are then warmer for the hen to settle down on when about to lay.

Mrs. E. R. A., of Ohio.

Warming Milk at Night.—If you wish to heat milk for an invalid or a baby during the night place two knitting needles at a suitable distance apart on top of a lighted lamp with a crimped top chimney. Put the milk into a small tin or aluminum dipper and place it on the needles, it will heat quite soon, and will save going down stairs, to the kitchen. Mrs. A. L. B. of Maine.

Repairing Granite Ware.—When a hole comes in your granite ware and it is too good to throw away, try taking a piece of putty and place over the hole and put in the oven and bake for twenty-four hours and the kettle will be as good as new. Mrs. J. B. Y., of Connecticut.

Utilizing Worn Out Stockings.—When the feet are beyond mending, this article of ladies' wearing apparel may be made even yet quite indispensable. Cut off the worn feet, and cut each leg lengthwise. Place edges of two legs together and stitch on machine. This will give you a fine dust-cloth. Several may be placed in a mop handle, and will be found very convenient for wiping dust from hardwood floors, thus saving much labor and many backaches. They are easily laundered, and clean ones kept always ready.

Mrs. M. C. L., of Missouri.

Borax for Dish Towels.—Wash the dish cloths thoroughly and dry in the sun each time after using. A spoonful of borax put in the water will not only take out all the grease, sweeten and purify the towels, but will also keep the hands from chapping.

A. M. C., of Maine.

Something New for Fudge Makers.—My fudge always seems to sugar, much to my disappointment. Before I turned it out the last time, I remarked that it was going to sugar again and my husband laughingly picked up a plate of marshmallows with the query: "Why don't you put these in? Perhaps the gum arabic in them will help the fudge." I thought that sounded reasonable, and for the sake of the experiment I did use them as he had suggested. The marshmallows melted very quickly and the resulting candy was the smoothest, creamiest fudge I ever ate. Now, whenever we want this kind of candy extra good, we use marshmallows in it.

Mrs. C. F. S., of Michigan.

From Odds and Ends of Yarn.—From various small amounts of yarn left over from different fancy work, I crocheted seven strips each eight inches wide and one-and-a-half yards long, just tying the ends of yarn together and mixing the colors as I thought looked best. Then I crocheted the strips together, and worked a row of scallops around the whole. It makes a very pretty slumber blanket to use when one is taking a nap. No matter how short the bits of yarn they can all be used, the knots which join them being hidden when crocheting.

Mrs. E. M. C., of Massachusetts.

For Tea Stains.—When tea is spilt on the table-cloth, as soon as possible, cover the stain with common salt. Leave for a little while and when the cloth is washed all stains will have disappeared.

Mrs. J. J. O'C., of District of Columbia.

A Use for Lettering from Old Magazines.—The large lettering in which the covers of or the titles to stories in magazines are printed, can be used in many ways. When screens are packed away for the winter, the initials of the room to which each belongs can be pasted in them, then in the spring no time need be lost in finding which will fit which window. Fruit and jelly shelves, also linen shelves can be lettered, also where each child has a hook in a cloak closet, the child's initials can be pasted above the hook. Still another use is to paste the different letters on pasteboard and teach the little folks the alphabet and to spell with them.

L. S., of Pennsylvania.

When Drying Little Articles.—I find it a great convenience when taking clothes off the line, to hang a pillow case on the line with a clothes-pin and put all small articles as handkerchiefs, doilies, etc., in it. In that way they don't fall out of basket or get separated.

Mrs. J. C. W., of Massachusetts.

An Oven Reminder.—On a large piece of cardboard, print or paint the word "Watch" and attach to oven door by wire.

Mrs. F. W., of New York.

When the Wash Boiler is Rusty.—Make a bag by opening two flour sacks, then seam on three sides leaving selvage open for top: put sack in boiler, and the clothes to be boiled in the sack, fold top of sack over, boil as usual; twist top of sack around clothe stick and lift all out at once.

G. E. M., of Nebraska.

To Carry Medicine While Traveling.—Dip the corks and necks of bottles in melted paraffine, which will prevent all leakage. The coating of the paraffine makes the cork air-tight.

A. A. G., of Connecticut.

One Way to Keep a Maid.—One of the reasons why girls dislike to do housework, is that they have no place in which to receive their company. I resolved to make some provision for the comfort of my maid and her callers during the hot summer months, and accordingly early in the spring I purchased a nice lawn settee which I placed in the side yard for the exclusive use of the maid. She not only used this settee when she had company, or as a resting place when her work was done, but often sat there on hot days to prepare vegetables, or peel fruit for preserving or canning. I also gave her the privilege of using the lawn swing on two nights of the week. She was very grateful for these arrangements for her company, and enjoyed them all through the summer.

Mrs. L. M. C., of Ohio.

For Embroiderers.—I was troubled by my filo floss tangling after I had cut the skeins for use, until I lit upon the plan of winding the skein on an empty spool, putting the tag for identification, in case I should wish to order more, inside the spool. Now I can use as long or as short a thread as I need, and the rest is smooth on the spool until wanted. Mrs. M. H., of California.

To Strengthen Springs of Window Shades.—When the spring of a window shade is weak, roll the shade tight, fasten it into the sockets, and draw it down full length. Repeat the process until the spring is as strong as desired. Try this, or try a still easier way if your shade won't roll up. Do not take it down at all, but roll the shade over the roller while it remains firmly in place.

M. L. S., of Illinois.

A Sure Way to Clean the Clothes-line.—I have been troubled a good deal with clothes bearing the mark of the clothes-line, even after wiping it, until I chanced to think of gasoline. It is perfectly satisfactory and not a spot shows on the clothes after using it.

Mrs. C. H. J., of Massachusetts.

To Cover, and Not to Cover.—If it is the potted meat or salmon left over, place on a plate and cover tightly with a china bowl—do not use any tin cover. It will keep perfectly for several days, and will not scent the refrigerator. If the bread-crumbs dried and prepared to use when frying chops, etc., do not cover, as it is being tightly covered that causes them to grow rancid.

L. R. T., of Michigan.

Frame on Which to Cool Cake.—One of the easiest things to make for use in the kitchen is a frame upon which to cool cake. The frame can be as large as you want to have it. Stretched across and fitted tightly to it there should be wire netting, and at each corner a small support should be placed, to raise the frame a couple of inches from the table. Housekeepers will find this cake frame very convenient, it being suitable for all sizes of cakes, where the old fashioned way we always had to hunt around for a plate or tin large enough to hold cake after removing from the oven.

E. R. G., of Pennsylvania.

Play the Piano In One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even A Child Can Use.

FREE TRIAL



She Doesn't Know One Note From Another, But Plays Like a Music Master.

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write, saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in The Housewife."

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2735 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

FOR PIANO BEGINNERS

Patented Attachment teaches beginner keyboard in least possible time. Not fastened to piano, removable, takes no space, saves many lessons. Complete \$1. Dealers' and teachers' discount. Send M. O. or stamps to **Beginners' Ass't; Dept. B.P.O. Box 10, Sta. J, New York.**

41

Complete Novels GIVEN

Let us give you this grand collection of forty-one complete Novels, Novelettes, and Stories. They were selected with great care from the works of the most popular writers. Each is a finished story in itself. All are well printed on good paper. Firmly bound in paper covers. We will give you this whole big collection of fine reading just to make you acquainted with our interesting paper, **GOOD STORIES**. Here are twenty titles. There are 21 others just as good.

The Curse of the Claverings...Charlotté M. Braeme
Adam Floyd...Mary J. Holmes
The Red Boudoir...Etta W. Pierce
A Countess' Hatred...M. T. Caldor
The Puritan Captain...Jane G. Austin
My Sister Marcia...Louise Chandler Moulton
The Day of My Death...Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
A Protracted Meeting...Mary E. Wilkins
A Sailor's Yarn...W. Clark Russell
The Plain Miss Burnie...Frances Hodgson Burnett
The Moorhouse Tragedy...Jane G. Austin
Jeanette...May Agnes Fleming
My Lady Damer...Amelia E. Barr
Adventure with a Madman...Emerson Bennett
The Haunted House at Wicklow...Arthur L. Messervy
Little Miss Ugly...Thomas Dunn English
Mystery of the Blue Room...Mary Kyle Dallas
A Beautiful Sinner...Inde
The Haunted House...Mary A. Denison
A Marvelous Cure...Clara Augusta

GOOD STORIES HAS THE BEST STORIES

It is just what its name says, a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful stories we can buy. There are thrilling serials by the best authors; there are many short stories in every number, some written expressly for us by the popular writers. The illustrations are the very best. In short, **GOOD STORIES** is a paper that, once taken, you will never be without. That's why we can make this introductory offer. We know that later you will want to subscribe for a full year.

Send Us 10 Cents Now and we will mail you **GOOD STORIES** for 3 months and will send you the 41 Novels and Novelettes, free, prepaid.

Address **GOOD STORIES, Dept. 53, Augusta, Maine**

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer.

CAPITAL CARD CO., Dept. 64, Topeka, Kan.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS



The Gingerbread Team

By Julie Caroline O'Hara



"Such a little bit left of my beautiful team of horses!"

AUNT CAROLINE gave Joseph two fast gingerbread race-horses. He thought he would eat one of them and take the other home to his little sister Jean.

"I will not let them race!" he said, "for if I did they might get away from me." So he quickly ate his horse, and put Jean's in his pocket to save. In doing so, he accidentally broke off one of the legs. Joseph looked at the lame animal and said to himself:

"I will eat the other three legs and make it look even."

So he nibbled away at the cake, until the poor cinnamon-colored race-horse had no legs with which ever to win a race.

"Now," said Joseph, "how top-heavy he looks! I will just bite off the ears to smooth the edges." So he munched off the brown ears of the animal until it had nothing left to hear with. The left ear did taste so good that he bit a little too far into the head than he intended and thus quite spoiled its shape.

"What is the use," said he, "in having a horse with a one-sided head." So he snipped off the whole head with his white teeth.

"Oh, look at that tail!" he laughed, "doesn't it look funny on a horse that hasn't even got a head?" So—off came the tail also. All that was now left of the cinnamon-colored horse was a little egg-shaped body which he gnawed around until it was smooth and the shape of a silver dollar.

"Poor little Jean!" he said, "it will only make her feel sorry to see such a little bit left of my beautiful team of horses!" And then with one gobble he ate up all that was left of the ginger-bread horse.

"Ah," said Joseph, "I'm sorry I was so greedy. Little Jean always saves me half of her goodies. But I know what I'll do!"

He walked by a baker's shop and there in the window was a magnificent brown war steed, larger and finer than the one he had eaten. This one was all covered with pink and white candy trimmings—prettier than any circus horse he had ever seen.

"Little Jean will like this one better than the other one anyhow," he said, putting his chubby fingers into his pocket to fish for the silver dime which Uncle George had given him when he said: "Buy candy corn for the gingerbread team which your Aunt Caroline baked for you." Then he marched into the bakery, bought the horse, asked to have it wrapped up



THE CLEAN, CLEAN KITTEN

Said Little Maid Marion, "What do you think?"

"I've laundered my kitty as clean as a pink!"

"I've wrung her out dry, but I really do fear

"I've starched her too stiff, for she looks very queer.

"Is it pleasure or temper, or maybe surprise

"That's making her open so widely her eyes?"

and carried it home very gingerly so as not to break its leg and then be in danger of having to eat the whole of it.

"Here Jean," he said to his little sister, "Here is a runaway horse that I caught for you—but, be careful Jean, and don't let it break even one of its legs!"



"Be careful, Jean, and don't let it break even one of its legs!"

A Capital Punishment

Five-year-old Warren had disobeyed his father and the following conversation took place between them:

"Son, you know I told you if you disobeyed me again I should have to punish you."

"Yes, papa."

"Now, Warren, which do you prefer for punishment. Shall I whip you or tie you up?"

"I'll tell you, papa, what to do. Wait until after I have had my supper, then put me to bed and tie me to the bed!"



THE HELPFUL BIRDS

Said Gretchen, "The birds are so kind in this town:
"When I hang out my washing each Monday at nine
"The sparrows and robins come fluttering down
"And hold all the stockings and things on the line.
"I think they are lovely to help as they do,
"And I feed them on cookie crumbs when we are through."

THE LITTLE BARBER MAN

By Bertha Adams Backus

I've cutted the kitty's side-whiskers off,
And tooked from her fur a hunk;
So now I think I will go and shave
My grandmuvver's old hair trunk.

It's waited for more than a hundred years,
For a barber man to come;
The moths have tried to nibble it off,
But the job is a mizzabul one.

I found just the smoovest and softest brush,
A growin' on Muvver's best hat;
So I took the sizzers and snipped it off,
I shall put on the laver wiv that.
My farver's old razer I's sharpened up,
And made a big dipper of suds;
If the razer slips when I'm shavin' that trunk,
'T won't hurt, or make any bloods.

It is terribul hard to shave things good,
When they're tryin' to scratch and bite;

They wiggle around and most get away,
Though you squeeze 'em and hold 'em tight.
I don't think I'll barber another cat,
They're so full of squirm-in's and spunk,
I'll just take things that'll sit quite still,
Like Grandmuvver's old hair trunk.



To Our Readers

WE frequently call the attention of our readers to the advertisements printed in THE HOUSEWIFE for the sake of establishing a closer bond between the readers and the advertisers.

As a matter of fact the advertising columns of THE HOUSEWIFE are not open to every Tom, Dick and Harry that seeks to place his wares before our readers. It is necessary in the first place that the wares themselves be of a certain standard and the methods with which the advertiser does business be open and above-board.

We, the publishers of THE HOUSEWIFE, insist upon that first of all, and in so doing we have prepared the way for the utmost exchange of confidence between our housewives and our advertisers. It has cost us thousands and thousands of dollars to take this position, but the loss of the money we do not consider, as it enables us to place before our readers the advertising of the very highest grade of products manufactured. No issue is more deserving of your patronage than is this present issue of March. The advertisements shown are from the most conservative houses that maintain reputation for business integrity of the highest quality, and we hope that every reader of THE HOUSEWIFE will scan the advertising columns closely and in so far as she is interested will not hesitate to answer the advertisements.

We are especially anxious that the advertisements of the various seed houses receive full recognition this month, as the seed houses can advertise only during one or two months of the year, and we have in the columns of THE HOUSEWIFE about the best there are in the country. No matter how familiar a woman may be with her garden, new things are coming out all the time in the way of flowers, fruits and vegetables, and our readers ought to send for every seed catalogue that is advertised in THE HOUSEWIFE.

Other advertisements to which we wish to call particular attention are those of the Withrow Manufacturing Company, Thermolac Manufacturing Company, Lamson Brothers, and that of the H. & W. Waist on page twenty-one. These four concerns are everyone of them different in character, but at the same time their business is all centered on that bond, the baby. We are very proud to be able to call attention to our readers to four such high class advertisers, and every mother who reads THE HOUSEWIFE should write to each of these firms and learn all she can about the various series of goods.

On page eighteen the advertisement of the

Arrow Knit & Silk Works offers especial attraction to our busy housewives who spend altogether too many evenings darning their own stockings or mending the socks for father and the boys. Every woman who has to spend any time mending hosiery for her brood should write for this illustrated catalogue which is sent free of charge on request.

On page twenty-seven appears the advertisement of the American College of Dress-making, and this is one of our advertisements to which we wish to call particular attention. The housewife who is handy with her needle can save untold sums of money in her daily work at home by knowing how to do the little things that cost so much when a seamstress or dressmaker is hired to do them. The course offered by this concern enables a clever woman to save half on all of her clothes and it certainly is one of those things that should be understood by at least one woman in every home. If the mother is unable to take it up from stress of work, it is the finest thing in the world for one of her daughters to take the course. Many of the College's graduate dressmakers work professionally or operate dressmaking parlors of their own, and others have the means of a livelihood in their hands. By all means write for this booklet which is sent free of charge and explains the proposition in detail.

The 1900 Washer Company is advertised in THE HOUSEWIFE on page twenty-six. This mechanical washer is one of the greatest labor savers that was ever invented. The dreaded family wash which at one time hung over the over-worked housewife like a black cloud every week becomes a matter of small account as the labor is reduced to practically nothing. We want our readers to be sure and write the 1900 Washer Company for their booklet.

One of the things that is responsible for a great deal of pleasure in a well-appointed household is a Kodak. There is no day goes by but that baby or mother or sister or little Freddie does something or assumes some pose that makes family history. With a Kodak at hand, with its button already to press, it is the very simplest thing in the world to keep a pictorial record of those many happy events that we recall with so much pleasure afterward. Remember that baby is baby to-day only, to-morrow he is a grown man, and his baby-hood will never come back. How priceless in the future will be the pictures of the dear little toddler only his mother can ever know. The means of preserving these beautiful little poses and pictures are at everyone's hand, and we hope that all will write the Eastman Kodak Company whose advertisement appears on page seven and get the free booklet which explains in full the working of its cameras.

Prize Letter Puzzle

Washington's Cherry Tree Bearing 53 Cherries

This same number of letters spell the well-known epigram which tells the three ways in which Washington was first. "First in (?), First in (?), First in (?)." If you know the seven missing words that



go in place of the three interrogation marks to make the saying complete, fill them in, then write the entire sentence of 53 letters on a slip of paper and mail it to us within one week, and we will send you, as a prize for your historical knowledge, an elegant 1912 calendar 16½ inches long in 3 panels with heads of American beauties exquisitely lithographed in colors to decorate your home, also some beautiful Valentine, Easter,

Birthday and Remembrance post cards, also delightful new stories as samples of the kind we publish. Remember, they are all given you if you send us the entire sentence, and enclose four cents to pay postage on your prize, and we will also send you our grand cash prize offer including 825 cash prizes if you request it.

COMFORT Letter PUZZLE, Dept. G Augusta, Maine.

30 TRANSFER PATTERNS FREE

To quickly introduce our new fancy work magazine teaching all popular embroideries; showing newest designs in shirt waists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc., we send it 3 months for only 10c and give free the famous Briggs Stamping Outfit, all complete, containing over 30 transfer latest stamping patterns and full instructions. HOUSEHOLD FANCY WORK CLUB, Dept. 53, TOPEKA, KANSAS.



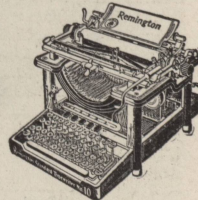
Reduce Your Flesh

LET ME SEND YOU "AUTO MASSEUR" ON A 40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shape-ness speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day. PROF. BURNS 15 West 38th Street Dept. 26, New York

CERTAINTY IS WHAT A MAN SEEKS IN EVERYTHING

The man who buys a Model 10 Visible Remington Typewriter



buys absolutely certainty: a certainty of satisfaction guaranteed by the greatest typewriter makers in the world Remington Typewriter Company (Incorporated) New York and Everywhere

FLOWER POST CARDS FREE Five of our prettiest cards all different, beautiful rich colored Forget-me-nots, Violets, Roses, Fancies, etc. Send 2c stamp for postage. W. H. Gates, 812 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.



THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 70c
Farm World . . . 25c
Good Stories . . . 25c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 70c
Farm World . . . 25c
Happy Hours . . . 25c

Farm World

is now well established and has demonstrated to its many thousand subscribers that it is a practical, up-to-date farm paper and of value to every member of every modern farmer's home.

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 70c
Farm World . . . 25c
Needlecraft . . . 25c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 70c
Farm World . . . 25c
American Woman . . . 25c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 75c
Farm World . . . 25c
World Events . . . 50c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 75c
Farm World . . . 25c
Farm Progress . . . 25c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 75c
Farm World . . . 25c
American Homestead . . . 25c

Special Money Saving Clubbing Offers

ALL OF WHICH INCLUDE

FARM WORLD

The Magazines represented in our lists are carefully selected and well known. If your subscription to The Housewife or to any other of the magazines mentioned is about to expire, the clubbing method simplifies the manner of forwarding the renewal. You will surely find a combination here which will suit your taste and fit your purse. Special care should be taken to give the correct Post Office Address.

Farm World

A Farm and Garden Paper, edited by a practical farmer in the middle west, who keeps the contents up to date and abreast of the times. It covers in a masterful way all seasonable topics, as well as staple products, and all kinds of stock raising and fruit growing. In combination with The Housewife we are able to offer yearly subscriptions to Farm World and other magazines and papers at the following remarkably low prices:

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THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 90c
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Farm World

contains an unusual amount of interesting and useful information in every department, valuable to any lover of farm or garden and worth many times more than a whole year's subscription price.

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } 90c
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Mother's Magazine . . . 75c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } \$1.00
Farm World . . . 25c
Modern Priscilla . . . 75c

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } \$1.60
Farm World . . . 25c
The Housekeeper . . . 1.50

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } \$1.60
Farm World . . . 25c
Delineator . . . 1.50

THE HOUSEWIFE . . . 50c } \$1.60
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Woman's Home Companion . . . 1.50

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PLEASE ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. P. O. BOX 1198

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Now Is The Time To Get Up Clubs

The purpose of these Special Offers is to secure New Subscriptions and Renewals. All offers which appear herein may be taken advantage of by New or Old Subscribers. We do not allow Exclusive territory to any one. Renewals count the same as new subscriptions. Your own subscription may be included in your Club.

Before you renew your own subscription why not ask two friends to take THE HOUSEWIFE, and send all the names at one time, and secure without further trouble or expense a fine premium for yourself, and also secure for each the club rate of 35 cents a year. On these pages we print a list of premiums which are given to those who get up clubs for THE HOUSEWIFE, and any one of them can be earned in a few minutes' time.

You will be surprised at the Large Number of your Personal friends who can easily be induced to become subscribers to THE HOUSEWIFE, by showing them a copy of the magazine. Why not take it up now while this List of Premiums is before you, and this matter is fresh in your mind and your interest is aroused?

Remember, the price of a yearly subscription to THE HOUSEWIFE is now 50 cents a year, and **35 cents in Clubs of three or more.** Send in your renewal and all the renewals and new subscriptions you can while the price remains at 35 cents a year in clubs of three or more. If yours is a new subscription or a renewal it counts in your club of subscribers toward a premium, as do all renewals.

ALWAYS REMIT BY POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER, BANK DRAFT ON NEW YORK, OR REGISTERED LETTER

The Pink Subscription Blank

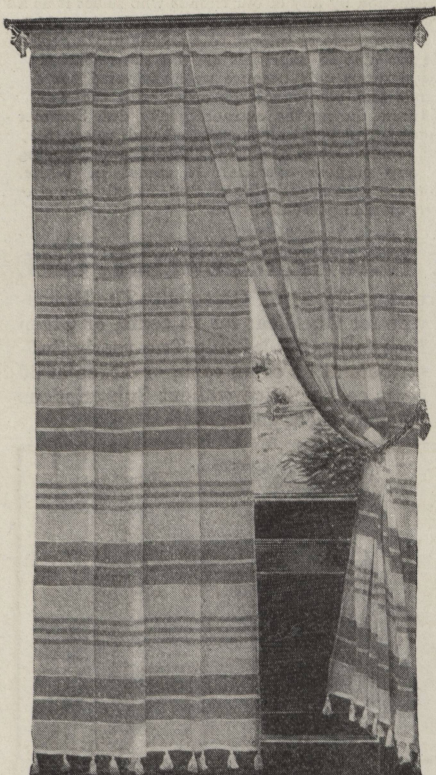
The receipt of this number of THE HOUSEWIFE with a pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that the time for which you have paid has expired. We hope that you have been so well pleased with THE HOUSEWIFE in the past year that you will promptly renew your own subscription and get a few of your friends to subscribe at the same time. As we always stop the magazine at the expiration of the time paid for, this is **the last copy you will receive unless a renewal is sent** for another year. Do not put it off, but please renew promptly and make sure of receiving THE HOUSEWIFE regularly.

These People Should All Join Your Club

The wives of the Butcher, Baker, Grocer, Doctor, Dentist, Coal Man, Fish Man, Confectioner and other trades people all read some magazines and you will find that they will take kindly to a suggestion on your part that they join your Club of Subscribers to THE HOUSEWIFE, especially if they can do so at 35 cents for a full year, a reduction of 15 cents from the regular 50-cent subscription price. You need have no compunction about asking the wives of the people with whom you trade to join your Club. You are not asking a favor, but are actually conferring one on them. When they subscribe to THE HOUSEWIFE as a member of your Club they do so at an actual saving in price, and besides they will receive full value for their money, as THE HOUSEWIFE has long been acknowledged to be the one magazine necessary for the woman who loves her home.

PAIR OF FINE SUMMER CURTAINS

Premium No. 454. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.20, or Given Free for a Club of only Four yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Six at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 90 cents each. Sent postpaid.



These curtains are full width and length, being ninety-six inches long by forty inches wide. They add a cheery, wholesome atmosphere to a room. Our illustration cannot show the effect of the delicate colors which run horizontally through these curtains. Every woman who has pride in the adornment of her home and welcomes a change from the Lace and Nottingham effects of the Winter months will be pleased with these beautiful hangings. The quality is first-class grenadine and will give the recipient full and satisfactory service. This pair of curtains on the terms offered is exceptionally liberal. They are sent carefully packed by mail, postpaid.

PURE LINEN DRESSER SCARF

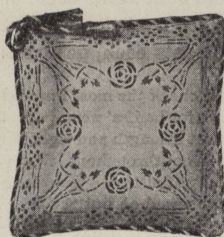
Premium No. 235. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 65 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 40 cents each, postpaid.



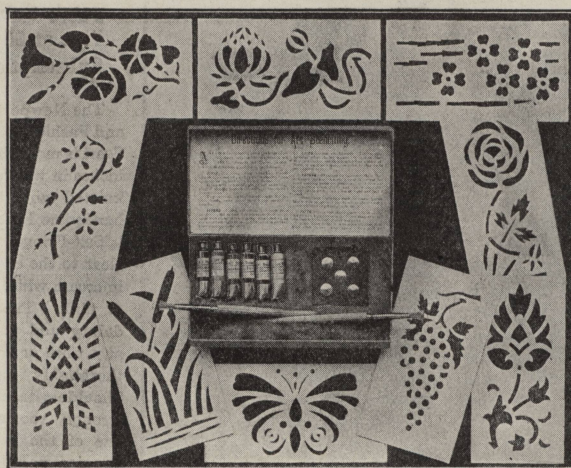
This all pure linen scarf is very artistic and has an elaborate pattern of hand-made zigzag drawn-work in the border in addition to the silver bleached floral damask design in center. The heavy fringed ends are combed and knotted. Sixty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide. Sent postpaid.

The Housewife Stenciling Outfit

Premium No. 407. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.30, or Given Free for a Club of Four yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Six at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions \$1.00. Sent by mail, postpaid.



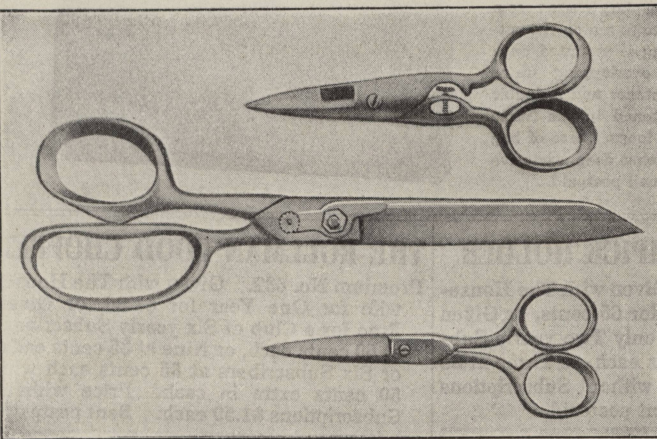
Any woman who from lack of time or skill cannot embroider or paint will find she still can make all kinds of elegant and useful articles with this outfit with which to beautify her home or for presentation purposes. The ten beautiful new and original designs which accompany the outfit were made especially for us and were selected because of their adaptability to all kinds of practical uses. THE HOUSEWIFE Stencil Outfit consists of ten special HOUSEWIFE stencils of prepared oiled cardboard, six tubes of standard colors, Red, Chrome Yellow, Permanent Blue, Vandyke Brown, Black and White, five thumbtacks, two bristle brushes and complete directions on how to mix and apply the colors to get the best results. In addition to the Stencil Outfit described above we include a stenciled pillow top, the design of which is shown in the accompanying illustration, done in two colors. This is practically a lesson in how to stencil. We also include free a sixteen-page catalog showing over one hundred designs for all kinds of elaborate stencil work, with a price list. Carefully packed and sent postpaid.



Ladies' Work Basket Companion

Premium No. 253. This Complete Set Given with The Housewife for One Year for 75 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Without Subscriptions, 50 cents a set, postpaid.

This Ladies' Work Basket Companion comprises one pair of 8-inch Tension Shears, which are equipped with a unique device, which positively regulates the tension of the blades, always insuring sharp, clean cutting edges. With these shears it is only necessary to tighten the little thumb screw when the blades show signs of becoming dull. The Buttonhole Scissors are 4 1/2 inches long, made of steel, heavily nickel-plated and perfectly adjusted throughout. The Embroidery Scissors, which are 4 inches long, are made of fine steel, nickel-plated and beautifully finished. They are well tempered and carefully ground and adjusted and will cut down to the points without separating, bending or gashing the goods. Each set is carefully packed in a box and sent by mail, postpaid.



Large Ecru Pure Linen Table Cover

Premium No. 284. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 75 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Selling price without Subscriptions 50 cents each, postpaid.

This handsome Table Cover, the appearance of which is shown by the illustration, is three feet square; the design is neatly stamped on Ecru Colored Pure Linen of fine quality. It is intended for Outline Stitch Embroidery with Solid Embroidery for the fancy edges. For this purpose we include four Skeins of imported colored cotton, assorted in the various colors required for the designs, which is to be worked in outline stitch. This beautiful new design Table Cover, together with four Skeins of imported Embroidery Cotton, is sent by mail, postpaid.



THREE EMBROIDERED DOILIES

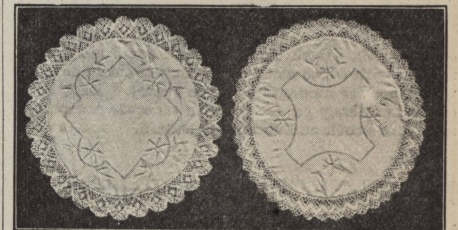
Premium No. 247. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 75 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 50 cents each, postpaid.



We offer herewith three handsome 12-inch doilies, two circular and one square, embroidered in exquisite designs. The edges are scalloped and carefully finished in overlocked stitch. They will launder beautifully, as they are made of a fine grade of highly finished butchers' linen. We send all three Embroidered Doilies by mail, postpaid.

TWO 18-INCH CENTERPIECES

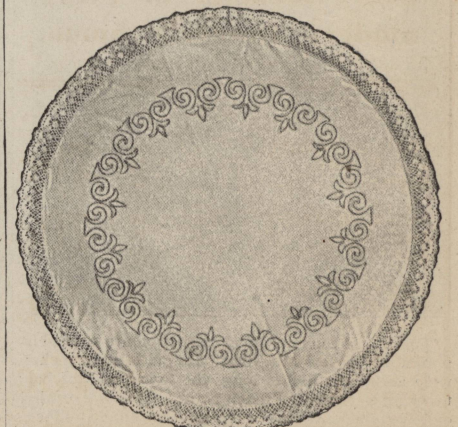
Premium No. 363. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 85 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Three yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Five at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 60 cents each. Sent postpaid.



Two lovely 18-inch centerpieces are shown here. They are beautiful in design and handsomely finished. In addition to the filled embroidery, each centerpiece has a dainty drawn-work design and is edged with a fine grade of imitation Cluny lace. They are made of a fine grade of specially treated butchers' linen and will give good wear and launder beautifully. Each pair of Eighteen-inch Centerpieces is sent postpaid by mail.

30-INCH LINEN CENTERPIECE

Premium No. 362. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.00, or Given Free for a Club of only Three yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Five at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 75 cents each. Sent postpaid.

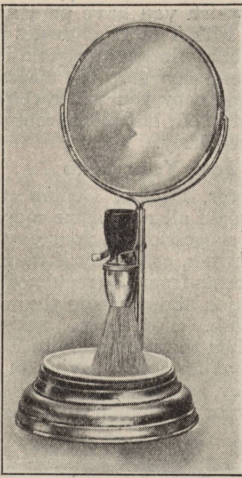


This beautiful centerpiece is 30 inches in diameter. It is white butchers' linen with a circle of handsome embroidery which is done in blue mercerized cotton in an attractive Grecian design. The edge is finished in fine imitation Cluny lace. We can recommend this fine centerpiece to give entire satisfaction to all who select it as a premium. It will launder beautifully. We send each centerpiece by mail, postpaid.

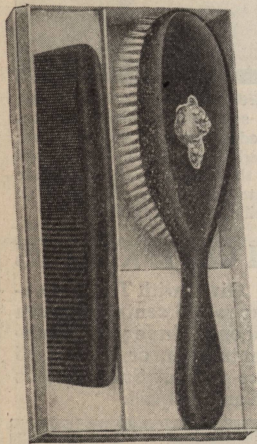
GENTLEMEN'S SHAVING SET

Premium No. 453. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.30, or Given Free for a Club of only Four yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Six at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions \$1.00 each.

As an article for a present to a gentleman it would be difficult to offer anything which would be likely to be more useful than the Shaving Set illustrated herewith. As shown, it stands eleven inches high and is full nickel plated throughout. The five-inch base is made of spun metal and contains a porcelain bowl 3½ inches in diameter and 1½ inches deep. The Brush, which is a special feature this year, is a guaranteed "Never Shed" lather brush with selected French white bristles permanently secured in an untarnishable, aluminum ferrule; and has a solid wood, black ivory finish, barber shaped handle. As shown, there is a clamp on the upright standard which holds the brush so that the water drips off into the bowl. The Mirror is of good quality and is hung in an oscillating frame so that it can be adjusted to any angle so as to get the full benefit of the light. Each complete Shaving Set comes carefully packed in a wooden box and is sent by mail postpaid.

**HIGH GRADE BRUSH AND COMB**

Premium No. 339. Given with the Housewife for One Year for \$1.00, or Given Free for a Club of only Three yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Five at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 75 cents each. Sent postpaid.



We offer here-with an excellent Brush and Comb Set. The brush is a Keepclean hair brush with a solid wood back with a handsome ebonized or gray oak, wood finish. The brush has eleven rows of selected short white bristles. The comb is a highly polished imitation tortoise shell comb with the gray oak-back brush and black hard rubber with the ebonized back brush, seven inches long, with both fine and coarse teeth. Both the brush and comb are ornamented with white metal mountings of shield design with place for monogram in the center. Each Set comes in a fancy paper box with separate compartments for brush and comb. Postpaid.

Fashionable Musketeer Poplin Bag

Premium No. 206. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 75 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 50 cents each, sent postpaid.

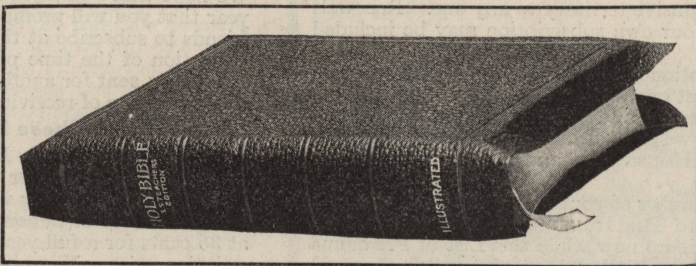


This bag is made of good quality white washable poplin in the new Musketeer design, is eight inches wide and eight inches long, the lower part of bag tapering to the new French point. It is beautifully embroidered in imitation braid (Coronation) effect, has overlapping top and fastens with button. It is finished with a long cord handle. This bag when thrown over the shoulder has a very jaunty appearance, and sets off the costume of the wearer. This style bag is to be the popular fad for the coming summer. The original model now worn at fashionable Southern Winter Resorts.

A Fine Teachers' Bible with All Help

Premium No. 633. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.55, or Given Free for a Club of only Six yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Nine at 35 cents each, or Six Subscribers at 35 cents each with 50 cents extra in cash. Price, without Subscriptions, \$1.25, postpaid.

This magnificent Teachers' Bible with all "Helps" is handsomely printed from large clear type on fine book paper, and beautifully bound in Flexible French Seal Divinity Circuit, silk sewn, gold edges and round corners. It is Flexible and will lie open absolutely flat; can be used in any way or rolled up without breaking the binding. It contains nearly 1500 pages, including the Old and New Testaments, authorized version, New Concordance with over 40,000 references, Index to persons, places and subjects with 16,000 references, Scripture Atlas with Index, Glossary of Bible Words, Bible Calendar, Dictionary of Proper Names with their meaning and pronunciation. All indexed and arranged especially for the Teacher and student, together with many large colored maps and other descriptive illustrations. It is indorsed by the leading divinity students. This splendid Bible measures over all 9 inches in length by 6 in width and is over 1½ inches thick. It has exhaustive articles on Biblical History, Geography, Topography, Natural History, Ethnology, Botany, Chronology, Music and Poetry. It weighs 27 ounces and comes in a colored board box and is sent postpaid.

**Zephyr Wool Newport Scarf**

Premium No. 332. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 85 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Three yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Five at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 60 cents each, postpaid.

The Newport Scarf is one of the most Popular and Fashionable Articles for Ladies' wear. This Scarf is more than six feet in length and eighteen inches in width, is All-Wool throughout, closely knitted and beautifully finished. The long handsome Fringe is not sewed on but the Scarf is Self-Fringed, which means the yarns are run clear to the ends of the Fringe. It is furnished in cream white, or with two stripes of light blue or pink. The pattern we offer is exquisitely dainty and very stylish and can be worn at any time or for almost any occasion. It will thoroughly protect the Head, Throat and Shoulders from Damp or Cold Weather. We strongly recommend it as a premium and as one of the best liked, most fashionable and popular premiums we have ever offered. It is sent postpaid.

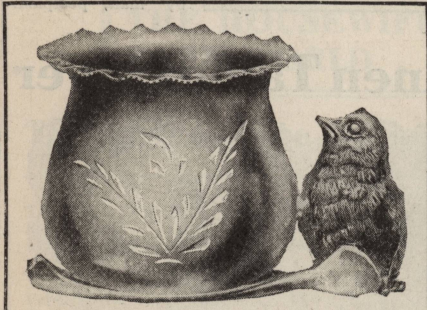
Medium Sized Seal Grain Leather Bag

Premium No. 804. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$2.30, or Given Free for a Club of Eight yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Twelve at 35 cents each, or Eight Subscribers at 35 cents each with 70 cents extra in cash. Without Subscriptions \$2 each, postpaid.

Is made of excellent quality Black Seal Grain Leather, hand-bordered. It has welted seams and is lined with good quality black leather with reinforced sides. It has extra inside pockets containing large sized coin purse and leather card case to match the outside of the bag. The bag is mounted on a 9-inch leather covered overlapping frame with patent slide lock fastener and a double strap leather handle fastened to the frame with patent non-opening loops. Size of bag is 10 inches long by 6½ inches deep, exclusive of the handle. Sent by mail postpaid.

**SILVER TOOTHPICK HOLDER**

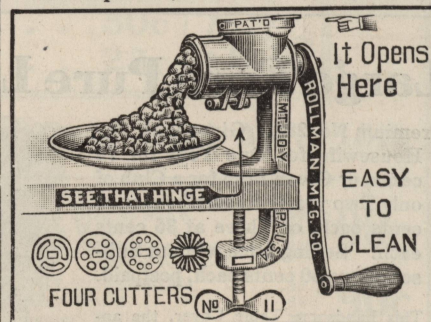
Premium No. 213. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 65 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 40 cents each. Sent postpaid.



We have come to regard this handsome little Gold Lined Toothpick Holder as one of our staple premiums and can without reservation recommend it as one of the most useful, appropriate and acceptable articles we have to offer, for presentation purposes or personal use. It is two inches high, two inches wide, and three inches long. It is made of fine white metal heavily plated with Pure Silver. The inside of the bowl is lined with Pure Gold. Each Gold Lined Silver Plated Toothpick Holder comes carefully packed in a strong cardboard box by mail postpaid.

THE ROLLMAN FOOD CHOPPER

Premium No. 632. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.80, or Given Free for a Club of Six yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Nine at 35 cents each, or Six Subscribers at 35 cents each with 50 cents extra in cash. Price without Subscriptions \$1.50 each. Sent postpaid.



This Food Chopper is so made that by raising a clamp the machine opens, and all the interior is laid bare. It is easy to clean, and you can see when it is clean. It quickly minces food, and prepares it so as to make dainty, tempting dishes. There is practically nothing to get out of order. It is beautifully tin-plated with no exposed surfaces to rust. We furnish four steel cutters for cutting vegetables, fruit, stale bread, crackers, raw meat, cooked meat, cod fish, coconut, cheese, spices, coffee, horseradish, etc.

HAND KNIT**Ladies' Aviation Cap**

Premium No. 366. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.00, or Given Free for a Club of only Three yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Five at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 75 cents each. Sent postpaid.



We show in the accompanying illustration the popular heavy Shaker Hand Knit Ladies' Cap called the Aviation Cap, knit of specially selected Germantown Yarn. This fine hand knit cap must not be confounded with the cheap machine knit caps with which the country has been flooded this season, but can be worn with a feeling of pride and satisfaction by any of our friends who select it as a premium. It has an air of quality and value which it is impossible to impart to machine made goods. We are able to offer this cap on the remarkably liberal terms only because we anticipated our demands and placed a large order with the manufacturers during the extraordinarily dull Summer months, and you, our friend and club raiser, reap the benefit. It is useful for skating, automobiling or any outdoor exercise. It comes in White, trimmed with Light Blue or Red, in only one size. Sent by mail postpaid.

A BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY CASE

Premium No. 219. Given with The Housewife for One Year for 75 cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Three at 35 cents each. Price without Subscriptions 50 cents each, postpaid.



This elegant little Jewel Box will be found to be a useful as well as an ornamental article and will add tone and distinction to any lady's dresser. It is small, but plenty large enough to hold rings, lockets, brooches, neck chains, etc. It is finished in dull or Roman gold, the high parts of the design being brightly burnished, giving it an extremely rich appearance. It has a strong, hinged cover and is lined with a delicate shade of soft silk, set off at the edges with a heavy silk cord. It is very rich and elegant in appearance and is appropriate for any lady's boudoir. We send it carefully packed postpaid.

FINE HYDEGRADE UNDERSKIRT

Premium No. 620. Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$1.80, or Given Free for a Club of Six yearly Subscribers at 50 cents each, or Nine at 35 cents each, or Six Subscribers at 35 cents each with 50 cents extra in cash. Price without Subscriptions \$1.50 each. Sent postpaid.



This Underskirt is made of the well-known Hydegrade fabric that "looks just like silk, rustles like silk, but wears better than silk." It has a 13-inch flounce bound on with cord, double shirred with six rows of shirring and four tucks between. The flounce is protected by a four-inch dust ruffle. The Hydegrade label is in the waistband. This Underskirt is of standard and guaranteed quality and of the latest style. When ordering please be sure to mention length desired. It is sent postpaid.

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